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SPRING WAKING

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY



A SNOWDROP lay in the sweet, dark ground.

"Come out," said the Sun, "come out!"

But she lay quite still and she heard no sound;

"Asleep!" said the Sun. "No doubt!"

The Snowdrop heard, for she raised her head.

"Look spy," said the Sun, "look spy!"

"It's warm," said the Snowdrop, "here in bed."

"O fie!" said the Sun, "O fie!"

"You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you *do*!"

"No, no," said the Sun, "Oh, *no*!"

"There's something above and I can't see through."

"It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow."

"But I say, Mr. Sun, are the Robins here?"

"Maybe," said the Sun, "maybe;"

"There was n't a bird when you called last year."

"Come out," said the Sun, "and see!"

The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap,

And there was n't a bird in sight,

But she popped out of bed in her white night-cap;

"That's right," said the Sun, "that's right!"

And, soon as that small night-cap was seen,

A Robin began to sing,

The air grew warm, and the grass turned green.

"T is Spring!" laughed the Sun, "t is Spring!"



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Abbie Ann

By George Madden Martin

Author of the "Emmy Lou" Stories

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER XII

MISS HENRIETTA OWSLEY was invited for the next day to Sunday dinner. Aunt Abbie, Aunt Ann, and Abbie Ann were home from Church when she got there.

Aunt Abbie's greeting was singular; on looking up and seeing Miss Henrietta in the doorway, she said, "Henrietta Owsley, I have been a wicked old woman."

Miss Henrietta Owsley did not move an eyelid of her strong, portly face. "I have been telling you so for some years," she said, cheerfully and promptly.

Aunt Abbie took this with surprising meekness. "I know you have," she said with alarming humility, "but it seems that each must travel his own road to repentance. There are no short-cuts by way of another's experience, Henrietta."

Abbie Ann felt as if she were in Church; she had no idea what it was all about, but then that made it the more like Church to poor Abbie.

But promptly enough Aunt Abbie's every-day manner returned.

"Henrietta," she said, decidedly, "you must have this child's trunk packed to-morrow. It is the proper thing that she should come to live with us while here."

Abbie Ann understood this, and held her breath, and clutched the seat of the chair she was on.

"Not at all," returned Miss Henrietta Owsley, who was just as decided. "You forget the child has a father. She was brought to me. I can allow no change unless ordered by him."

"H'm," said Aunt Abbie Norris.

"And you forget," went on the relentless Miss Henrietta, "that though you may be ready to forgive, it does not follow that you are forgiven."

Aunt Abbie's grim face changed. But she held her own. "Henrietta Owsley," she said, "you are the only person on earth who would dare speak to me in that way. You know you are."

"I think we've always been distinguished for plain speaking with each other, Abbie," said Miss Henrietta, good-humoredly. Then she laughed and went on: "However, I've never seen that it has done either of us much good, as we seem to make a habit of never taking the other's advice."

"H'm," said Aunt Abbie. And Aunt Ann coming in, Aunt Abbie lapsed into silence, a silence which, if violent tweakings of her great nose meant anything, was filled with inward thoughts of a disturbing nature.

At sun-down Miss Henrietta and her youngest pupil, bag in hand, went home in the carriage.

BUT Abbie Ann was not to be left to her Maria long. School was not over the next day, when Aunt Ann Norris appeared, tearful and helpless.

She clung to the little niece who was brought down by Miss Owsley, as to something of her own flesh and blood, but she handed a note to Miss Owsley.

"Read it, dear Henrietta," she begged, her bonnet all awry, her old hands tremulous. "read it and tell me what it means! I went down town, in fact, Henrietta, I may say, Sister Abbie sent me down in the carriage to match purple floss, and on my return,—read it, Henrietta!"

Miss Henrietta took the proffered note, and read it calmly.

"Dear Ann," it set forth, "I am going on a journey. Do not worry about me. I am fully able to take care of myself, but have taken Eliza to satisfy you. I cannot say just when I shall return."

Your affectionate sister,

A. L. NORRIS."

"What does it mean, Henrietta?" begged poor Miss Ann.

"It means what it says," responded the practical Miss Henrietta.

"And what am I to do?" quavered the bewildered and forsaken Miss Ann.

"Go home and be comfortable," said the other. "Your sister can take care of herself."

"Dear Henrietta, am I to stay in that big house alone?" And the poor old Miss Ann, her eye-glasses dangling on their gold chain, had hasty recourse to her pocket handkerchief. "Sister Abbie," wept Miss Ann, "is most unkind; she has no right to treat me with so little confidence."

Miss Owsley gazed upon her lifelong friend, Ann Norris. Was it fair that the sister's stronger will should have kept poor Ann dependent thus? But born preceptress that Miss Henrietta was, it was too late to begin on Ann now. Then, with a smile, she said:

her cheeks pinker with the pleasure of it, "and it's about you."

Miss Ann's nerves were none of the best. "About me?" she returned, with alarm, "oh Maria, what is it? I am quite prepared,—what has happened to Sister Abbie?"

Maria looked astonished. "It's about you," she said. "My Auntie says my Grandma is glad I am rooming with Abbie Ann. She says that Miss Ann Norris and my Grandma's brother, Mr. Chedson Dudley Rowley, were old friends."

Aunt Ann sat back in the carriage. Surely



"MISS ANN DREW HERSELF UP AND LOOKED FROM ONE SMALL FACE TO THE OTHER."

"You may take little Abbie back with you, if you wish," said Miss Owsley, "and send her to school each morning."

Abbie Ann accepted this willingly enough. She did not mind going with Aunt Ann, and when she came down ready to go, a little later, she brought Maria with her, that Aunt Ann might know her. Even in her tearful state, it was plain to see that Aunt Ann liked the pink-cheeked Maria.

So, as Aunt Abbie failed to return that day, or the next, they invited Maria to drive with them in the afternoon and go home with them to tea.

When they went for her, she came out in her best dress and hat, with a letter in her hand.

"It's from my Auntie," she told Miss Ann,

she had heard, but she did not say a word, only her old, gloved hands closed on her lorgnette quite agitatedly and she looked off out of the carriage window.

Presently her gaze came in to the two little girls side by side on the seat opposite her. They looked uncomfortable. What had Maria said, what had she done?

Miss Ann Norris smoothed her dress in a fluttered, timid way with her old hand. "Your Aunt Abbie, Abbie Ann," she remarked, as she had done once before, "is a strong character; a person of great discretion and reserve. In this latter, my dears, I hope I resemble her."

And Miss Ann drew herself up and looked from one small face to the other, wistfully. Was she only waiting for a little encourage-

ment, to open her old heart to these two little girls?

But the little girls did not know what to say; embarrassed, each held the other's hand and said nothing. And on Miss Ann Norris's face lingered a look wistful and troubled, all the way home.

She even forgot at dinner to worry, and talked a good deal of the time when she and Sister Abbie were young.

And afterward, old Miss Ann, far along in her seventies, went to the piano. She seemed to forget her little niece and Maria.

Her playing was hesitating and low, as if the old fingers were hunting their way, but it made little Abbie Ann and Maria seek each other's hands again,—they knew not why.

And presently Aunt Ann's old voice trembled above the gliding runs and melody. There was something left in the old tones still. It was years after that the little Abbie Ann came upon and remembered the words Aunt Ann Norris sang quaveringly:—

"No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose."

When Aunt Ann arose from the piano, she was just an old, old woman, older because of the fineries which bedecked her. She called Maria to her.

"Your Uncle Chedson," said Miss Ann to Maria, "died when we were both twenty."

Soon after that, Maria had to be sent home in the carriage but the next afternoon they went and got her again. Aunt Ann even held Maria's hand in hers. It was plain to be seen that Aunt Ann loved Maria. At first Abbie Ann felt queer, but she could not be jealous very long, for the very reason that she loved Maria too.

CHAPTER XIII

It was the evening of that same day. Aunt Ann and Abbie had gone up-stairs, more because Jennings began turning the lights out than because it was late.

All the evening, too, Aunt Ann's conversation had seemed to take a gloomy turn, as if her mind were on Aunt Abbie. "There are tragedies in every family, my dear," she told her niece, "we had an Uncle ourselves whose ship was scuttled by pirates."

Abbie Ann, preparing for bed, paused in unbuttoning her shoe. Evidently something

dreadful had happened to the Uncle. "What's 'scuttled,' Aunt Ann?" she inquired.

"Dear me," said Aunt Ann, smoothing her dress, "really, Abbie Ann, I don't know that I can exactly tell you. Sister Abbie would know. I should say myself, it was a nautical way of sinking a vessel, peculiar to pirates."

Abbie Ann pulled her shoe off. "What's pirates, Aunt Ann?"

Aunt Ann was quite fluttered. "Pirates, my dear,—," but Aunt Ann never got farther than to say she had heard they generally wore ear-rings, when both paused—

They heard the front door opening, then heard voices—

Abbie Ann's ears were sharp,—with one shoe on, the other in her hand, she flew downstairs, Aunt Ann coming behind, quite tottery from her week's anxieties.

"Father! Father! Father!" Abbie Ann went calling.

And it *was* her Father and Eliza, putting Aunt Abbie down into a chair very gently.

Abbie Ann rushed, frantic with joy, to her father, but Aunt Ann tearfully approached Aunt Abbie.

"Now what's the use of any heroics, Ann?" Aunt Abbie, alarmingly erect, briefly demanded. "There, keep away, no, I prefer you would n't touch me, even a finger tip. It's lumbago."

Poor Miss Ann, thus waved off, took Mr. Richardson's proffered hand, meekly.

"I went to ask John Richardson's pardon," announced Aunt Abbie at this point, "and I took cold in his draughty house, and he had to bring me home."

And Aunt Abbie made a motion as though to rise, and sank back.

"If he had not been an amiable man, he might have told me these were long deferred tweaks of conscience," said Aunt Abbie, with grim humor; "but it is n't that; it's his draughty halls and that Fabe creature's cooking." But she was quite white about the lips, nevertheless.

John Richardson, this time not at all like the man with the dripping umbrella, set his little half-shod daughter down, and detached himself from Miss Ann.

"Get a glass of wine for Miss Norris, Eliza," he said.

"Not at all," said Aunt Abbie, decidedly, "that's the last thing one needs in rheumatic tendencies."

"Get a glass of wine, Eliza," said John Richardson. "Please bring it immediately."

Eliza disappeared, hat and wraps yet on, but she came back with the wine.

"You need it. You are faint," said John

Then her eye fell on Abbie Ann, dangling one shoe, and looking on, wonderingly.

"Child," she said, "come to me. Come!"

Abbie Ann went. Aunt Abbie's eyes ranged from the one-stockinged foot up to the tumbled hair.

"Abbie Ann," she said, almost gently, certainly with surprising meekness, "I was such a child as you once. John, if you'll give me your arm, to the top of the stairs, I'll go to



"ABBIE ANN, RUSHED, FRANTIC WITH JOY, TO HER FATHER."

Richardson, and held it to her lips. Aunt Abbie sat straight. She had no idea of drinking it. John Richardson held the wine, and looked at her. Suddenly Aunt Abbie opened her mouth and swallowed it meekly.

bed." Mr. Richardson assisted her up the stairway, and bidding her good-night, returned to the drawing-room and took his little daughter upon his knee. He had brought more than himself for Abbie Ann, he had a letter for

her in his pocket from Mr. McEwan. Abbie Ann joyously seized and read it.

"There 's a verse," said Abbie Ann, "it says, 'Lines to Miss Abbie Ann Richardson on First Beholding her Great-Aunt.'"

Abbie's Father looked doubtful, perhaps apprehensive too. It is only fair to this gentleman to say he did not know the lines were there when he brought the letter.

But Abbie was reading them:

"Shake not your glory locks at me
That in the great-aunt I should see
The why that little Abbie Ann
So loves a feather or a fan,
And why the little Abbie's head
And temper too, should blaze so...."

Abbie stopped suddenly. Her face was scarlet; so was her Father's, but for a different reason. It never would have done to let his little daughter know when she stopped reading, how near he came to supplying that rhyme.

"Abbie," he said, presently, "your Aunt Abbie is desirous that you should make your home here with her while going to school. I have told her that for this year I want you where you are. After that, I have promised to leave it to you, whether you shall stay here or not."

Abbie Ann listened. She even took it quite cheerfully. "Anyhow, that 's a long way off," she reasoned.

CHAPTER XIV

COAL City is in the heart of very beautiful mountains. In the summer-time, a wild little river dashes over giant boulders and churns itself to foam under rocky, laurel- and rhododendron-grown banks. The country is full of summer hotels and mineral springs.

One day in June a freight consignment was put off on the platform of Coal City. It seemed to consist of household comforts,

screens as for draughty halls, footstools, carefully wrapped mattresses.

A day later, the westward bound morning sleeper drew up at Coal City. Mr. McEwan, station-agent, ahead even of Mr. John Richardson, owner of the Black Diamond Mines, received into his own hands, as it were, the party handed off, one after another, by the conductor; a party consisting of an old lady, a nodding bunch of mignonette in her bonnet; one maid, laden with bags and bundles, and wearing the tolerant air of one conducting and humoring a consignment of irresponsible persons; one little girl with pink, pink cheeks and a trim little person, and another little girl with eager eyes and red, red hair—

Aunt Ann and Maria had come to Coal City to pay a visit to Abbie Ann, and Eliza had come to look after the party.

Aunt Abbie had declined the invitation, hastily; she did not seem to care for the mode of life at Coal City; and Miss Henrietta had declined likewise. She agreed, however, to go and stay with her old friend Miss Abbie, while Aunt Ann went.

"We have n't a bit of patience with each other's ways," stated Miss Owsley, "but it will be good discipline for us both."

Mr. McEwan receiving them from the conductor handed them on to Mr. Richardson, which brought him to Abbie Ann at last.

As he lifted her off the step and set her on the platform, he surveyed her, up and down. Now it chanced she had on a blue linen dress, and a big, flapping-brimmed, dark blue hat with flowers. Mr. McEwan surveyed her up and down. Then his eyebrows lifted and his glasses blinked. He shook hands with Abbie Ann.

"Blue," said Mr. McEwan, "is true."

Abbie Ann looked up; because of the sun she blinked too.

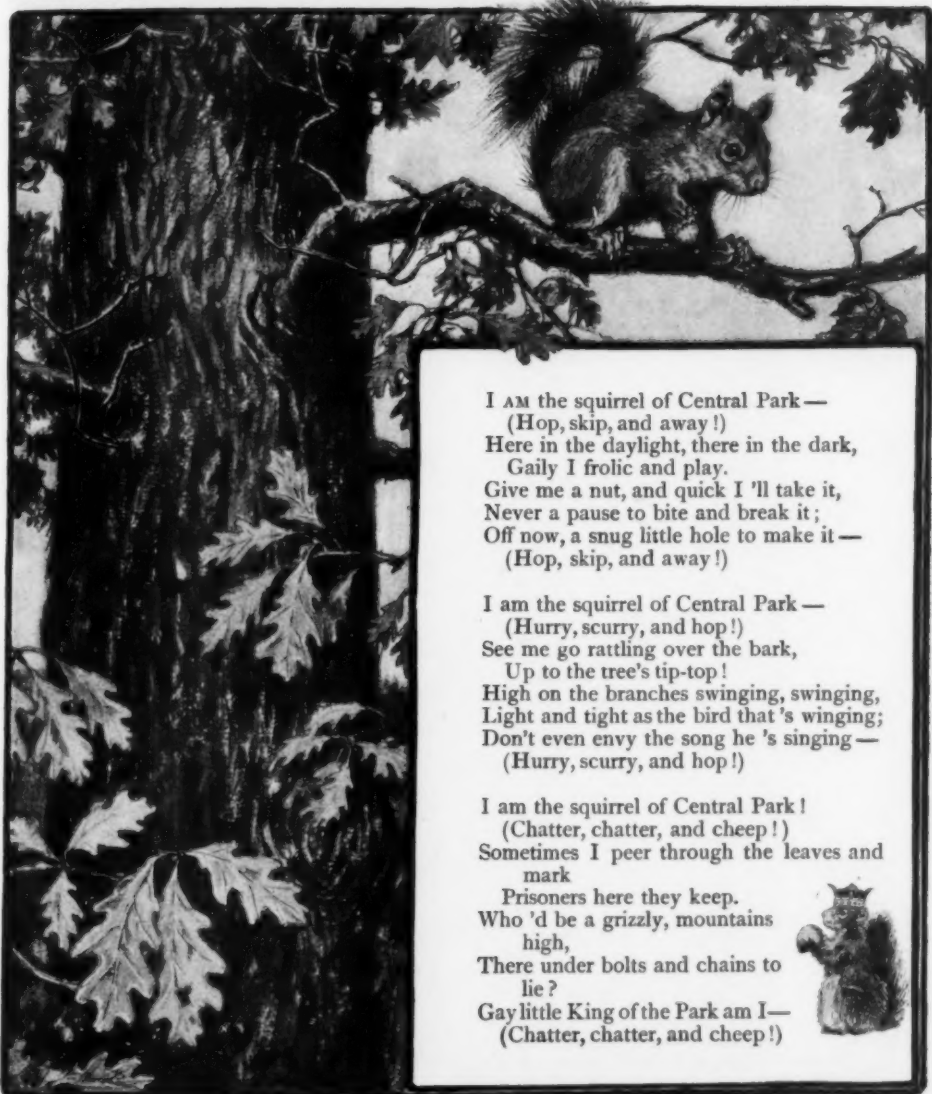
"I have been true," said Abbie Ann.

THE END.



The SQUIRREL of CENTRAL PARK

By Laura E. Richards

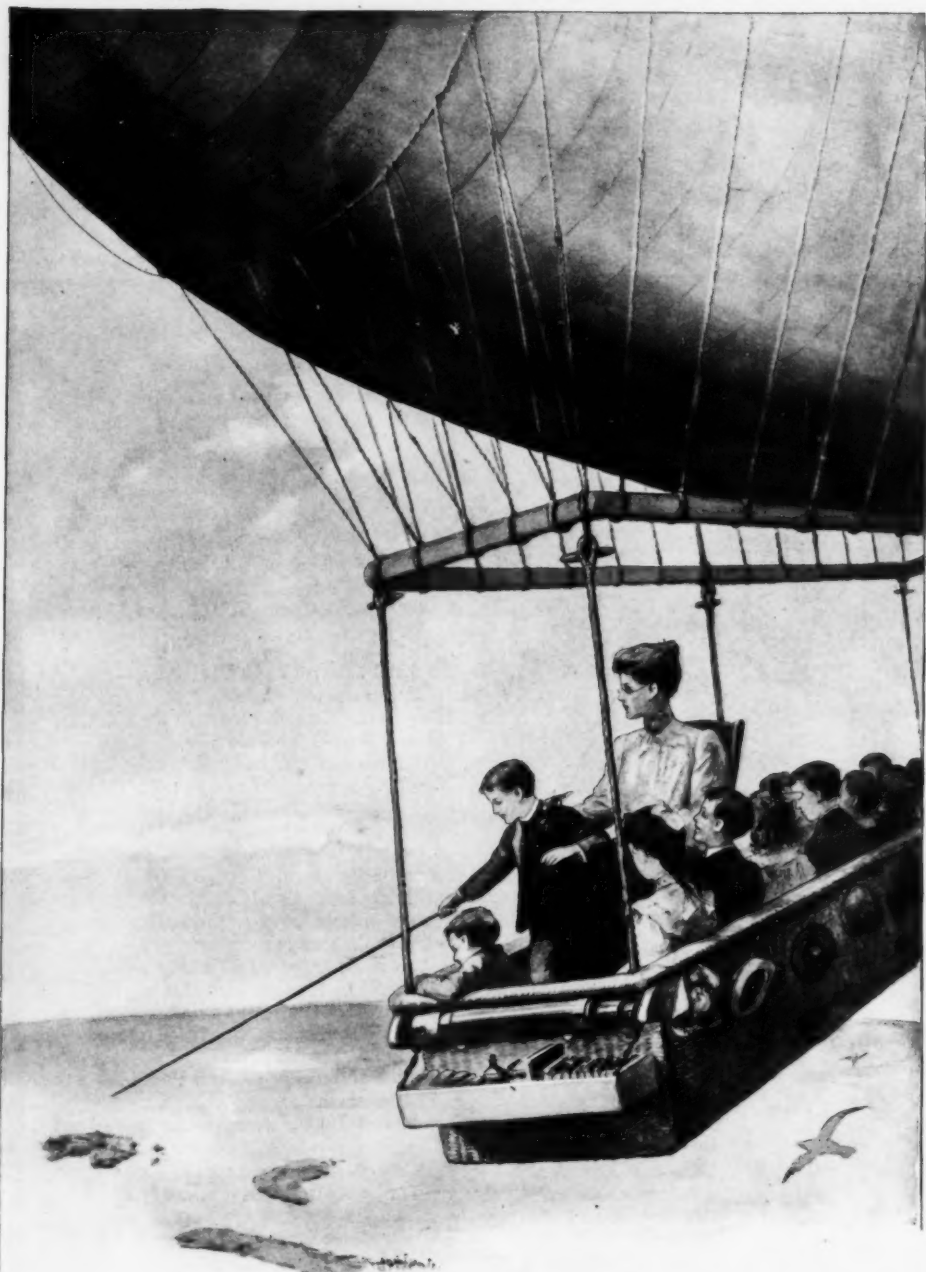


I am the squirrel of Central Park —
(Hop, skip, and away!)
Here in the daylight, there in the dark,
Gaily I frolic and play.
Give me a nut, and quick I 'll take it,
Never a pause to bite and break it;
Off now, a snug little hole to make it —
(Hop, skip, and away!)

I am the squirrel of Central Park —
(Hurry, scurry, and hop!)
See me go rattling over the bark,
Up to the tree's tip-top!
High on the branches swinging, swinging,
Light and tight as the bird that 's winging;
Don't even envy the song he 's singing —
(Hurry, scurry, and hop!)

I am the squirrel of Central Park!
(Chatter, chatter, and cheep!)
Sometimes I peer through the leaves and
mark
Prisoners here they keep.
Who 'd be a grizzly, mountains
high,
There under bolts and chains to
lie?
Gay little King of the Park am I —
(Chatter, chatter, and cheep!)





IN 1950. THE CLASS IN HISTORY.

TEACHER: "NOW, JOHNNY, TAKE THE POINTER AND SHOW THE CLASS JUST THE SPOT
WHERE COLUMBUS LANDED."

Muramasa and Masamuné

By Arthur Upson

In Old Nippon, long days gone by,
Black Muramasa's toil
Plunged bold and luckless *samurai*
In discord, strife, and broil.
He forged full many a noble blade,
But grief was all they brought,
For, every stroke his hammer played,
Sad Muramasa thought:
Tenku tairan! Tenku tairan!
Woe 's in the world! Woe 's in the
world!

In Old Nippon long, long ago
Strong Masamuné dwelt;
He forged with many a mighty blow
Good blades that victory dealt.
Round *samurai* who bore his steel
Fair fruits of courage sprang,
For it was tempered bright and leal
While Masamuné sang:
Tenku taihei! Tenku taihei!
Joy 's in the world! Joy 's in the
world!



UNDER APRIL SKIES. READY FOR ALL WEATHERS.

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Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

Illustrated by George Varian

HOW PINKEY ATTAINED THE UNEXPECTED

As is the case with all boys of his age in the spring of the year, Pinkey Perkins cherished a great fondness for kites, spending a large part of his time after school hours and on Saturdays either making them in his workshop or flying them out of doors. With several of his companions, he could be seen almost any day when there was a breeze blowing, kite in hand, hurrying off to some vacant lot where trees would not play havoc with kite-strings, there to indulge in the favorite amusement until supper-time.

The contests were very keen, each boy endeavoring to "get out" more string and at the same time keep his kite higher in the air than any of his competitors. Then after his string was all paid out, each would "send messages" to his kite, small squares of paper with holes in the center, slipped on the string and carried upward to the kite by the breeze.

Pinkey was a master at the art of kite-making and kite-flying, seeming to know just how and where to attach the string to a kite to get the best balance, and just how much tail to use to steady it.

But all this did not satisfy him. He wanted something different, something every boy did not have, and this desire took shape in a yearning for an enormous kite, one that should be as tall as he was and one which he could send up at night with a lantern on the tail, like the one in the story in his school reader. After wishing and dreaming for weeks that such a kite were his, he finally came to the conclusion that he might as well give it up. He could not make it himself and even if Liberty Jim should make it for him, he had no string heavy enough to hold it in a breeze. So he finally abandoned the idea of possessing the fancied kite and decided that he must be content with the ones he had already.

One day Pinkey's notice was attracted by an advertisement in a magazine, wherein it was stated that bird-kites, very natural and lifelike, could be purchased for what seemed a reasonable sum, at least a sum which fell

within his means. Here was something which, although not what he had wanted, was different and new, and something which none of the boys had ever seen before. And what made the idea of a bird-kite all the more alluring its purchase would require no outlay for additional string since it could be flown with heavy thread, of which, happily, his mother had plenty.

Pinkey took Bunny into his confidence and after much labor and many efforts the boys, without assistance, wrote a letter ordering the kite, not failing to add the necessary "P. S." asking that the kite be sent "just as quick as possible," the last three words being heavily underlined. Together they went to the post-office and invested nearly all of Pinkey's ready wealth in stamps to be forwarded in payment for the kite.

Then came the long wait for the arrival of the purchase.

They threw out all sorts of mysterious hints among their friends about a surprise they had in store for them, talking back and forth to each other in that aggravating way boys have when trying to arouse curiosity.

"Do you suppose it 'll come to-day, Pinkey?" Bunny would say, as the homeward-bound pupils were making their semi-daily call at the post-office.

"Should n't wonder," Pinkey would reply, "it 's about time it was coming, seems to me."

But a close scrutiny of his box would fail to disclose the much-expected package.

"Aw, you fellows make me tired," Joe Cooper would say. "I don't believe you 're expecting a package no more than nothing."

"Just listen to that, Pinkey," Bunny would reply, delighted to have aroused curiosity. "We 'll show them all right in a day or two, won't we?"

After a week of waiting and hoping and being forced to listen to many jokes about the much-talked-of "something," which never came, Pinkey and Bunny were delighted one Friday afternoon to find a notice in Mr. Per-

kins' box, saying "Call for package," which package, sure enough, was addressed to Pinkey.

Pinkey refused to open it, however, and, accompanied by Bunny, bore it off homeward, leaving the others filled with burning curiosity as to what it might be.

"You fellows come down back of the Presbyterian Church," shouted Pinkey, after he had gone some distance, "and bring your kites, then we'll show you what this is." And that was all the satisfaction he would give.

The boys could hardly wait until they opened the package, so anxious were they to see the contents. As soon as they were alone in Pinkey's yard, Bunny produced a knife and hurriedly severed the string and in another moment Pinkey drew forth the kite.

It was a beauty, and no mistake, the body of bright green tissue paper covered with black spots, pasted to a light bamboo framework, and the wings similarly constructed and detachable, though of brilliant red, going to make up a most attractive combination.

"Ain't she a daisy!" cried Bunny, with genuine delight, as Pinkey held the complete article up for inspection. "I never dreamed it'd be that big."

"That's what she is," agreed Pinkey, beaming at the thought of such an unusual possession, "and I'll bet she can fly, too."

"She's a bird-kite sure enough," continued Bunny, bubbling over with enthusiasm, "if looks have anything to do with it." And off they started to the field back of the church—Pinkey with two spools and Bunny with one spool of strong linen thread which their mothers had given them several days before.

"Here comes Pinkey," shouted Joe Cooper, dropping the kite-tail he was untangling and running toward the newcomers, followed by the others.

"What's that anyway?" shouted one. "Where'd you get that?" inquired another. "Going to try to fly that thing?" "What're you going to use for a tail?" and many other queries came from all sides, some serious and some intended as jokes.

"Just wait and see what it is," answered Pinkey, somewhat nettled, "I'll bet you it'll outfly any kite here, and it won't need any tail either."

All the boys became deeply interested in the new species of kite Pinkey had introduced, and, after examining it carefully and commenting on its appearance, insisted on seeing it fly.

Pinkey attached the end of one of the spools of thread he had in his pocket to the short string already on the kite and then bade Bunny take it back some distance and hold it as high above his head as possible. He felt somewhat uncertain himself about the success of the flight and grew uneasy when he thought of the taunts that would greet him in case of failure.

"Look out now, and gimme room to run," ordered Pinkey when Bunny had moved some distance away with the kite.



"IN ANOTHER MOMENT PINKEY DREW FORTH THE KITE."

The crowd stood back waiting anxiously, and when the breeze freshened a little Pinkey shouted to Bunny to "let 'er go!" and started on a run toward the center of the lot, looking back as he ran and paying out thread as the kite soared upward.

His concern about the kite not flying satisfactorily proved to be unfounded. Like a bird in reality, it mounted upward, swaying slowly from side to side in the most lifelike manner imaginable.

It happened that about the time Pinkey was sending up his new bird-kite, to the great satisfaction of himself and Bunny and to the envy of some of the spectators, Miss Vance, who lived on the corner of the block beyond the church, was out feeding her chickens. Her house could not be seen from where the boys were, on account of other houses and trees, neither could they be seen from her yard.

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

It is no wonder then, that as Pinkey unwound two and finally three spools of thread, and the new kite soared farther and farther away, the chickens in his teacher's yard should leave their food and set up a strange "caw-cawing" and begin running around their enclosure in a very disturbed state of mind, if a chicken can be said to have a mind.

Neither is it strange that, as Miss Vance's alert eye roamed about for the cause of this evident fear, she should perceive floating almost above her a strange and evil-looking bird, making occasional downward swoops which each time only served to increase the terror in the hearts of her feathered bipeds.

Never before had a bird-kite flown over the old-fashioned town, and it is doubtful if a dozen persons knew there were such things,—surely Miss Vance did not, her fondness for kites, if she ever possessed such a thing, being long since forgotten.

After watching for a time the hawk, or eagle, as she supposed the vigilant bird must be, Miss Vance drove her excited flock into their little house and carefully closed all openings. Of late, she had occasionally missed one or two of her choicest fowls and here she believed, lay the solution of their mysterious disappearance.

After enjoying the sport as long as they dared, considering chores to be done at home before supper, the boys slowly "took in" their kites and allowed them to sink to the ground in that way known only to experts which protects them from injury and entanglement. This done, they separated into homeward-bound groups, all agreeing to return the following morning for a long session.

As Putty Black and Shiner Brayley turned the corner and started up the street which ran past the teacher's house, they saw her standing at her front gate engaged in conversation with Jeremiah Singles.

Miss Vance had merely stopped Jeremiah on his way to supper, and was consulting him on the possibility of his killing the hawk, or eagle that had threatened her chickens, in case it appeared again.

"And now, Mr. Singles," she was inquiring, "do you really suppose you can hit it while it is flying around that way? It never seemed—"

"Can I hit it? Me hit an eagle on the wing?" exclaimed the pompous Jeremiah. "Why, madam, you evidently do not know my reputation as a hunter."

The school-teacher began to apologize for

asking such a needless question, but Tin Star interrupted her again:

"Of course you did n't know it, for I never brag about myself, but I think I am not exaggerating when I say I am far the finest wing shot in Enterprise."

"Oh, I am *so* glad to know you will kill it," said Miss Vance, with evident satisfaction. "It has already caught four of my nicest hens and I hate to think of losing any more. To-morrow morning, then, without fail."

"And Mr. Singles," called Miss Vance, as she reached her front porch, "if you *do* kill it, I will have it mounted and present it to you as a souvenir of your marksmanship."

Jeremiah replied with some word of thanks for this kind offer and went on his way homeward feeling much elated at the distinction that might soon be his.

After breakfast next morning, Pinkey was ready and waiting at the back gate by the time Bunny came by for him to go kite-flying.

On the way to the general meeting-place, Pinkey and Bunny were joined by several other boys, some of whom had heard of Pinkey's new kite, but had not seen it.

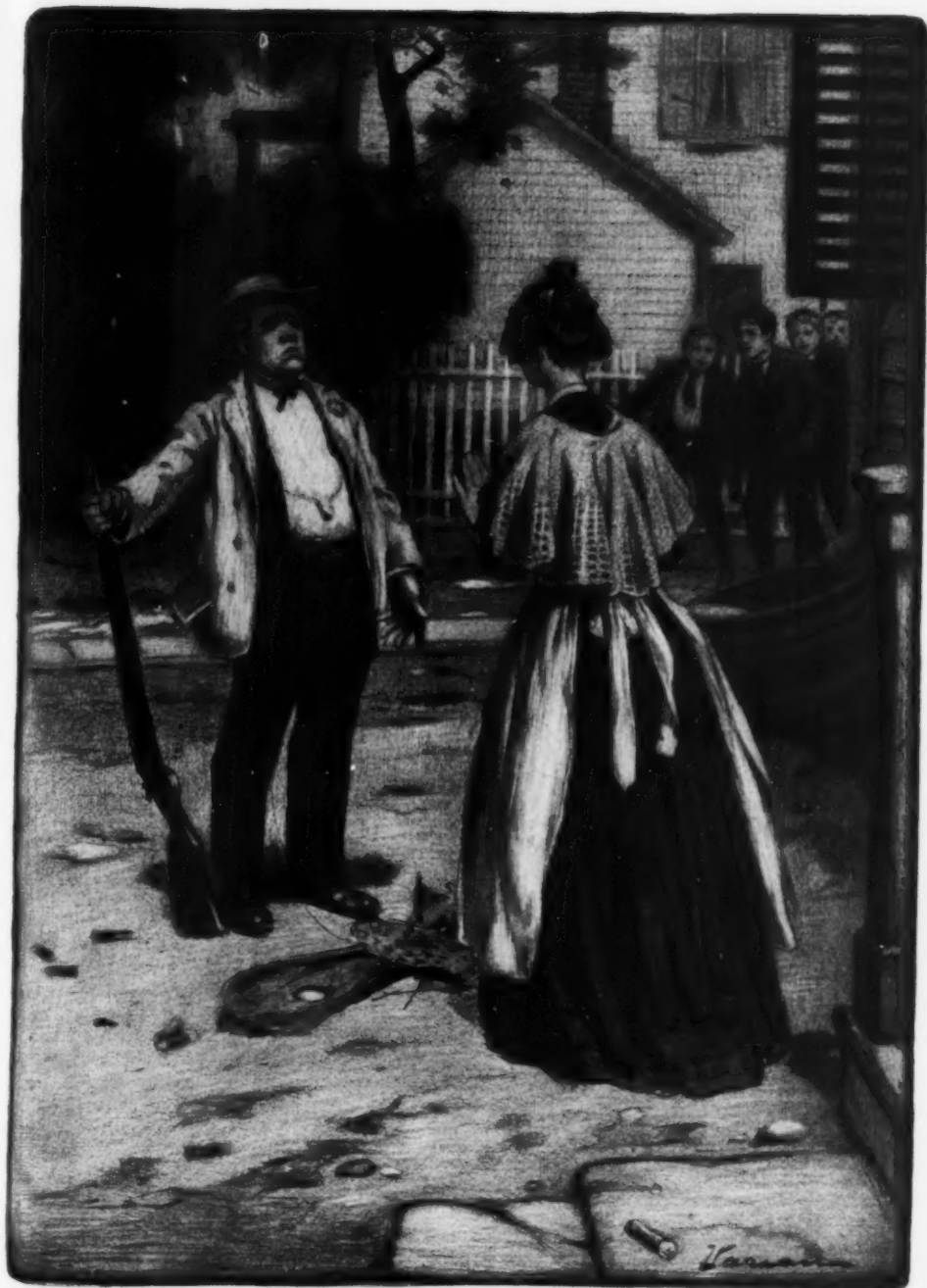
Arrived at the field, those who had not seen the new kite insisted that Pinkey send it up first, so they could watch it without having to attend to their own.

The breeze was blowing from the same direction as it had been the afternoon before, but was not as strong. With Bunny's assistance, however, Pinkey had no difficulty in getting his kite on the wing and soon it was rising beautifully, soaring upward deliberately and majestically and making long sweeps from side to side as it gradually floated farther and farther away, and, as luck would have it, approached nearer and nearer its former position above Miss Vance's yard. Owing to the light breeze, however, it hung lower than it had the day before, but still not close enough to lose any of its realistic appearance.

While the admiring crowd stood watching and commenting on the perfection of the make-believe bird, they were all startled by the unmistakable and altogether unusual sound of a gun-shot. This was immediately followed by a second, and in another minute by a third and fourth.

"What d' you s'pose is happening?" inquired Putty Black, nervously. "That 's shooting, sure."

"Mad dog, maybe," suggested Joe. "Can't shoot anything else inside the city limits."



"THERE STOOD THE TEACHER AND THE TOWN-MARSHAL, GAZING
AT EACH OTHER IN MUTE AMAZEMENT."

"Jerusalem! I hope not," ventured Bunny, anxiously. "S'pose he 'd come this way."

"Well, let 's go and see," said Pinkey bravely. "That 's the way to find out what 's up. If it was a mad dog, you 'd hear him bark. Leave your kites here and I 'll just tie the string o' mine to the fence till we come back."

This seemed to be a sound suggestion and forthwith the entire crowd rushed headlong for the fence, and, as soon as Pinkey had made his kite fast, hurried over and set off at a brisk run in the direction of the shooting. As he ran, Pinkey kept his eye on his kite in order that he might know if anything went wrong. Meanwhile the shooting continued at intervals, but there were no other sounds to be heard.

THE school-teacher had noticed the ominous bird of prey soon after it had reached its position over her yard, and had soon discovered Jeremiah coming up the street, armed with his shot-gun.

"Hurry, Mr. Singles!" were the first words Tin Star had heard as she came running toward him. "It 's back and is flying around over the chicken-yard again. Oh! I do hope you can shoot it."

"Leave that to me, Miss Vance," Jeremiah had assured her calmly, and together the excited Miss Vance and the confident Tin Star proceeded to the slaughter of the hawk.

Jeremiah's first few shots had gone wide of the mark, and he decided to wait until the bird got closer. Therefore it was, that, not having any firing to guide them, the boys were unable to locate the source of the shots they had heard.

"It 's a chicken-hawk, all right," he had assured the lady, during one of his pauses, "I can tell by the shape of its wings and tail; and then a chicken-hawk is never seen to flap its wings, but just floats around like a kite."

"But he does n't seem to be frightened," ventured Miss Vance.

"He thinks he 's too high for me to hit him, but he does n't know me."

DURING this time the boys were hurrying cross-lots back to their kite-flying and it was while they were still hidden from view by some buildings that Tin Star proved his excellence as a marksman.

"My kite 's bu'sted," suddenly shouted Pinkey in despair, "lookie, she 's coming down," and all stopped to gaze at the falling object.

Even then, none of the boys imagined that there was any connection between the shooting and the injury to the kite.

"Let 's hurry and get it," cried Bunny, and the boys again took up their breakneck pace, each bent on being the first to get to Pinkey's broken kite. As they dashed around the corner of the barn which adjoined Miss Vance's chicken-yard, the sight that met their eyes brought them to an abrupt and speechless halt.

There stood the teacher and the town-marshal, gazing at each other in mute stupefaction and amazement, and each seeming to blame the other for the ridiculous position in which they found themselves. Between them lay Pinkey's kite, one wing completely gone and the paper body riddled with shot.

To make the scene all the more ludicrous, the white thread which was attached to the kite hung limp across Tin Star's shoulder and stretched backward to the fence. Neither he nor Miss Vance had yet been able to find words appropriate to the situation.

The arrival of the boys stimulated Tin Star to speech, but strange to say he addressed his words to the school-teacher.

"Madam," said he, in his most lofty and dignified manner, "you owe me fifty cents for the ammunition I used to bring down this bird. As for the value of the bird itself I shall leave you to settle that with the owner." And without another word, he brushed the hateful thread from his shoulder and left the premises immediately.

Miss Vance was visibly disturbed by the unexpected turn things had taken and for a few moments seemed at a loss what course to pursue. Then her customary dignity returned and she expressed her regrets at the wrecking of the kite and enquired to whom it belonged.

"It 's mine," spoke up Pinkey bravely. "I just got it yesterday but I guess it 's no good any more now."

"I am really very sorry, Pinkerton," assured his teacher with real regret in her voice, "to have been the cause of your losing the kite, but it was so lifelike I mistook it for a hawk which I thought intended to carry off my chickens, so I had Mr. Singles shoot it."

"Oh, that 's all right, Miss Vance," replied Pinkey, with as good a show of unconcern as he could muster, at the same time picking up the remains of his broken kite, "t 's n't worth much anyway and I 've got other kites."

Miss Vance endeavored to get him to set a value on his property, but he would not hear of such a thing and insisted that the loss

amounted to practically nothing and that he had had about all the fun there was in it, anyhow. In a few minutes, as soon as they could do so, he and his companions withdrew and returned to the open lot, where they enjoyed talking over the scene they had witnessed a

But she did not choose to let the matter drop so easily. She had her own definite ideas of justice, and believed in them, no matter whether they entailed hardship or pleasure, and in this case she resolved that Pinkey should have his share of fair treat-

ment, and with interest, if she could bring it about.

Imagine Pinkey's surprise when one afternoon, almost a week after the loss of the kite, Liberty Jim, grinning from ear to ear and chuckling with delight, appeared at the door of the woodshed where Pinkey was splitting his evening's wood, carrying in front of him an enormous kite, so wide that it almost filled the doorway and so tall that his beaming countenance barely showed above it.

"Here 's something for you, Pinkey," said Jim, before Pinkey could speak.

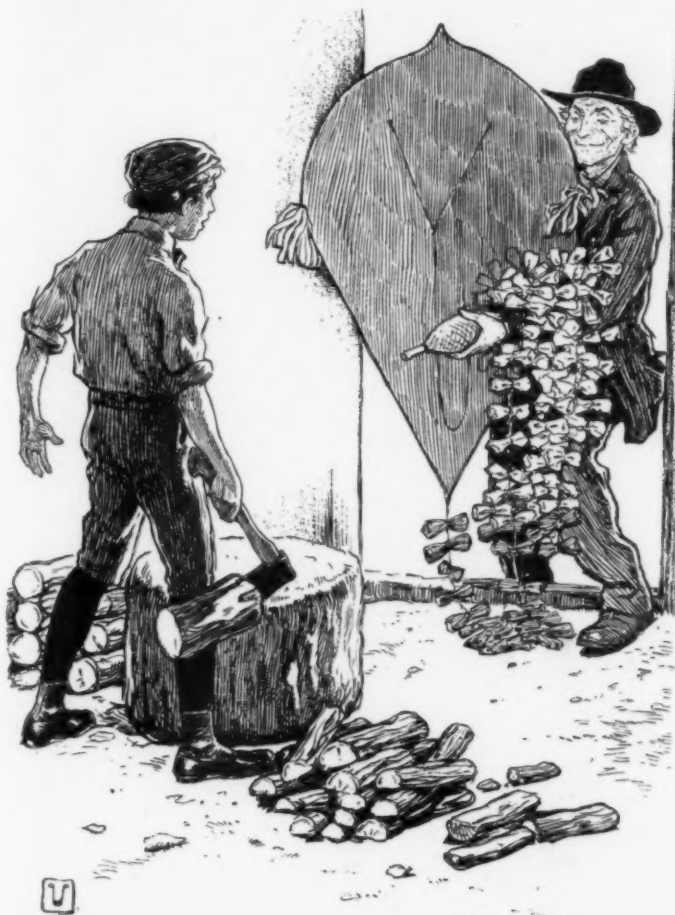
"For me!" exclaimed Pinkey in amazement.

"Yes," continued Jim, "Miss Vance had me make it to pay up for the one Tin Star shot, and here's enough fishing line to send it up a half a mile, too. She asked me what you most wanted, and I told her, and she had me go ahead and make it right away."

"Gee, but that's fine, Jim, and only to think of her giving it to me. Why, it 's better than a dozen bird-kites. It 's a beauty!"

"Why, she thinks the world of you, only she does n't believe in telling you so."

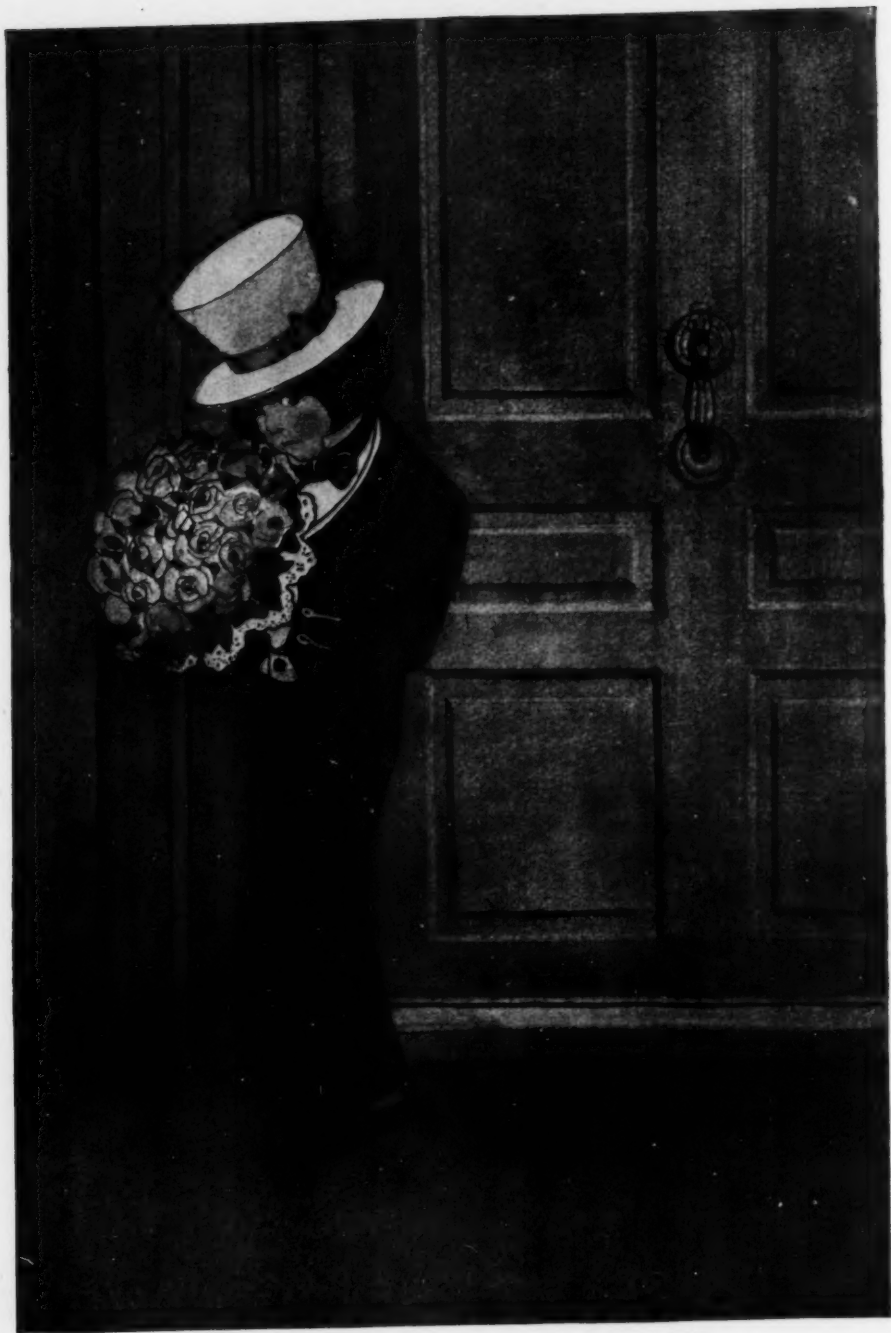
"Well," commented Pinkey, as he came outside to inspect his new possession more closely, "what you say may be so, Jim, and I hope it is, but you 're right about her not believing in telling me so."



"'HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU, PINKEY,' SAID JIM."

hundred times more than they had watching the kite.

During the days that followed, Tin Star was subjected to many a joke from those who dared to mention to him the affair of the kite, but never by word or action in his teacher's presence did Pinkey allude to the embarrassing incident. He would not, for anything in the world, allow her to know how deeply he felt his loss.



ON EASTER MORNING WHEN GRANDPA WAS A BOY.

The Sleeping Beauty

By Rhodes Campbell

EVERY boy and girl reader of ST. NICHOLAS has read in Grimm's fairy book the old tale of "The Sleeping Beauty"; but I doubt if one of them knows that nowadays there are sleeping beauties, too, and that they often wait years before they wake up, and that sometimes they are asleep all their lives!

Frances Copeland was a fortunate girl. She had love, care, wealth, beauty; yet she went about every day just as much asleep as that girl of long ago. She did not know she was asleep; she would have been very angry if any one had told her that she had never waked up really in all her thirteen years!

Her parents overwhelmed the child with every luxury and care. They could not bear to punish or correct her; they gave her everything she wished for as far as they were able. All their thoughts centered on her. And then came a pause in this worship: Mrs. Copeland was very ill, and the doctor ordered her at once to Germany.

"How lovely!" said Frances to her father. "I've always wanted to go abroad. Inez Fairchild is always crowing over being three months in Paris, but when I've been a year in Germany she can't say a word!"

Mr. Copeland looked very uneasy and troubled. "My dear, we must—ahem—the doctor says that we must leave you behind. He says that your mother must have absolute quiet."

"But I sha'n't be left behind," declared Frances. "Where could I stay?"

"Your mother has a dear old friend who has consented to take you into her family—" her father paused. But we pass over all the objections, remonstrances, and pleading that followed on the part of Frances.

In the course of a few days the little girl, under the care of a friend, was set down at the station of Fairfax, a little town in Ohio.

"Dear me!" thought Frances, looking about; "I did n't know it was this bad. Such a small town when I've been used to a city! I don't believe there ever was a girl so cruelly treated! And no one to meet me!"—but here her thoughts were interrupted by a girl near her own age wearing a gay Roman silk toboggan toque.

She came straight toward Frances: "We

are a little late," she said, putting out her hand and clasping the girl's reluctant one warmly; "but Jack lost his rubbers, and glove and cap, and we did have such a time! I am Elsie McKenzie, and I know you're Frances Copeland," she went on; "and Jack is somewhere. Here he comes. He will see to your trunk. Jack, why don't you hurry?"

Frances saw a large, overgrown boy with a smiling, freckled face coming toward her.

"Where's your check?" he asked. "And do you want to walk or ride?"

"I might as well walk in such a small place as this," Frances replied, ungraciously. And as they turned down the first large street she thought: "I don't know what Mamma was thinking of to send me here. She said that she would n't trust me to any one on earth but Adelaide McKenzie; but she has n't seen her for years, and I know it's going to be too dreary for words."

After walking four or five blocks they entered the gate of the little McKenzie home. The sight of the small and not very attractive cottage back in the yard was a surprise to Frances. "I never dreamed they were so poor," she thought; "why, Mamma's maid lives in as nice a place as this. Think of a year here! I shall write to Papa at once." The front door opened, and a tall and very handsome woman came out on the porch to meet her. Her warm greeting and motherly face thawed the ice forming about Frances' whole being, and she managed to smile.

She drew her within, where in the living-room a bright open fire burned. A tall girl not unlike the mother came forward: "This is Faith," and, a head peeping out from his sister's gown, she added, "this is Dick."

"Elsie, take Frances to her room, and Jack can carry the suit case. As I wrote your mother, my dear, I cannot take any one as a formal guest. You must be one of us, and take us as we are. I shall love you dearly for your mother's sake."

The cordial words of the mother followed Frances up the stairs; but she forgot them in the dismay of finding her room so small and simply furnished. "I wish they could see mine," she thought, as Elsie asked to help her. At home she would have thrown herself down

in a frenzy of despair and anger, but strangers were some restraint.

"Please leave me alone," she cried; "I must be alone." And Elsie with a troubled face slipped out of the door and closed it.

The supper was to Frances a long drawn-out torment. She felt homesick, abused, and full of a dull resentment. She wondered where the father was, and then she heard Faith say to her mother in a low voice: "Father

proved a series of shocks. They kept no maid at all; their father was almost blind; they were *very poor*!

The girl felt like a cat in a strange garret. She heard laughter in the kitchen and ventured out there. Faith, enveloped in a big gingham apron, was rolling out bread and rolls; Elsie, her sleeves rolled up, was washing dishes; and Jack was wiping them.

"Come in," called Faith, as she saw Frances hesitating in the doorway. "We have to be our own maids. I'm afraid it's lonely for you." Frances came over to the table where Elsie and Jack were. "Do you like to do it?" she asked curiously.

"It's Paradise to me," said Jack, with a queer grimace, while Elsie shrugged her shoulders: "I can't say I love it," she said, "but we're so glad to do our share to help along. It's such fun to think we're big enough to send Mother in to Daddy to read to him, and be able to do the Saturday work ourselves. We've only learned since—since—Daddy's trouble, and since Greta left. Only Faith knew some things before, so we're real proud that we're of some account and not dead-weights on Mother's hands."

To her utter astonishment it was after eleven before she knew it. Then Mrs. McKenzie came in. "I shall turn out my good fairies now," she said. "I want to get dinner alone. I have such pleasant things to think about from my reading; and your father has some new ideas for his article. Now run off, and play till dinner." She drove them before her, laughing. When Frances went to her room she found it in perfect order. "I wonder if Elsie did it. Perhaps I might make my bed myself," she thought.

In the afternoon Elsie's friends came to see Frances and they had such a pleasant afternoon that when Frances went to bed that night, she thought: "I believe I won't write Father to take me away yet; but I never knew such people before."

One day came invitations for Jack, Elsie, and Frances to go to a party at Elsie's particular friend's—Janice Vernon's.

Frances, coming into the hall unexpectedly, found Elsie talking to Jack, her usually sunny face downcast and decidedly cloudy.

Once she would have passed on, but she felt a sudden and novel pain at seeing Elsie, who was always thinking of her comfort, in trouble herself.

"It's nothing," declared Elsie; but Jack blurted out: "It's her shoes. She has n't any



"BUT I SHAN'T BE LEFT BEHIND," DECLARED FRANCES."

says he would like his supper sent in to-night," and she saw a tray carried to another room. Could it be that he was very ill?

The table with its thriving fern for a centerpiece, its fresh linen and tasteful china, its few pieces of handsome silver, its appetizing food, the laughter and fun from the children, were attractive and homelike, but Frances, comparing it all with the luxuries of her own home, and with her eyes dulled by the sleep of which she was unconscious, saw only the dark side of life.

The next day, being Saturday, was a busy one for the McKenzies. To Frances the day

to wear to the party but those, and they 're pretty bad."

"Why, get some others. Don't they have nice shoes here?" Frances asked, in surprise.

"Oh yes; but shoes cost money," said Jack, in spite of Elsie's frowns.

"Oh!" Frances stopped short. She ran back to her room. She took out her purse. Then she put it back. "Elsie would n't like money: what can I do?" she thought anxiously. It was so new to her to think of others. She ran to her trunk and took out three pairs of slippers. "The very thing!" she thought, catching up a pair of soft brown ones. "They will match her brown dress," she said aloud, and ran to the hall. "Do take these," she said, "I 've several pairs." She held out the slippers. Elsie's face flushed. "You 're very kind," she said, "but Mother does n't like us to borrow."

"Then keep them," said Frances.

"What are you to keep?" Mrs. McKenzie's voice startled them. She stood in the door smiling, while Frances explained.

"I think we shall have to break my rule this time, Elsie," she said; "Frances is so kind, and the slippers are so pretty."

Elsie followed her mother into the kitchen and shut the door. "Mother, I don't want Frances' slippers. I 'd rather stay at home. Jack told her I had n't any, and she is so—"

"Kind," supplied her mother.

"Well, she is now, but she says such horrid things; she fairly flings her riches in your face. She thinks poor people are n't like her. She—"

The mother drew the excited child toward her: "Don't let us be rude and ungrateful just because we 're poor in money, Elsie," she said. "You 've done a great deal for Frances, let her do something for you. She meant it kindly, and it seems to me it would be foolish and very unkind to refuse her loan of the slippers and stay at home and let her go without you to the party. There is a pride that is wrong."

Elsie ran out of the kitchen and up the back stairs to the little room she shared with Faith. Later, her mother was n't surprised to hear her say to Frances: "Thank you so much for the slippers, Frances; if it was n't for you I 'd lose the party." And Frances went off to her room that Saturday to dress with a new, warm feeling in her heart.

Weeks and months passed and Frances was conscious of an unusual stir and subdued ex-

citement throughout the little house. She came upon Jack and Elsie in earnest consultation on the back stairs: she found Faith and her mother in the kitchen talking earnestly; yet at sight of her they changed the conversation. Frances felt suddenly shut out and aloof. It hurt her. It was Elsie who caught sight of her expression one day and followed her into her room.

"We 're in a big secret for Daddy," she said at once. "We did n't want to bother you with it. You see the time is very near for Daddy's operation. It costs a lot, and we have n't much. We 've tried to do without and work at home; but the sum has n't grown enough yet. So Jack has been selling papers out of school, and Faith has taken orders for fancy work, and I 've been so anxious to work, and now Mother is going to help me make candy to sell to the hotel guests and other folks. It 's only a little, but I want to help."

"And so do I," said Frances eagerly. "Why can't I write to Papa to send a lot of money, then you won't have to work?"

"Oh no!" said Elsie; then she added gently: "It is so kind, but Daddy is so proud he would n't like it. He hopes he won't have to borrow of any one, ever. But if we earn it, it 's different."

"Then I shall earn something, too," said Frances with a lump in her throat. "You seem to think I don't care because I 've money, but I do. You said you 'd make me one of you, and you don't."

"Why, Frances! of course we do. I did n't think you 'd be interested—"

"No, you think I 'm cold and horrid. Well, I can earn, too. I 'm going to do something for your father, you see."

Never before in all her life had Frances been so determined to have her way; but what could she do? They would n't take money, except her board; and how in the world should she earn money? She lay awake a whole hour for two nights wondering what she could do to even add a dollar to the precious pile in Elsie's stocking. And then the inspiration came. Like a flash she remembered that Mrs. Blair, a busy mother of five children, had declared that if she could just get some one to make buttonholes for her, she would gladly pay well for the work. Now, since coming to Fairfax, Frances, with Elsie, had taken lessons of Mrs. McKenzie on Saturdays, in buttonhole making and darning, and where Elsie made great eyes of the holes and darned well, Frances' but-

tonholes were things of beauty and her darns very ordinary. But would she have the courage to ask for the work? And would she give up hours of the precious Saturdays to do it? The Frances of eight months before would not have even given the project a thought, but this was a different girl. This new Frances, trembling in the knees, and with a voice rather shaky, rang the Blairs' doorbell that very day. But instead of a stern repulse she found a woman eager and ready, and she came away with a big bundle of children's clothing in her arms.

It was hard work to go off Saturdays to her room and work, but, as she said, it was n't any harder than for Elsie. And when at the end of the four weeks she laid four dollars

extra sum from an article of Mr. McKenzie's, there was enough for the operation at Cincinnati.

It would take too long to tell of its success, the triumphant return of the husband and father, the joy of the household.

All too soon came the day when Frances was to join her parents in New York. She realized with fresh surprise what a wrench the leaving would cost her.

"I shall get ahead of them for once," she thought; and for several days before, she was preparing gifts to be hidden in drawers and closets to be found after her departure. She found the most exciting diversion in planning these surprises. The new book which Elsie wanted, the inexpensive but pretty copy of



"FRANCES HEARD LAUGHTER IN THE KITCHEN, AND VENTURED OUT THERE."

in Elsie's hand, I doubt if Frances Copeland was ever so happy in all her life before!

With Mrs. McKenzie's added sum from the furnishing of home-made eatables, and an

Burne-Jones's "Hope" for Mrs. McKenzie, and roller-skates for the boys, and for Faith a collar—her own work.

And as the train rolled out of the station

Jack said to Elsie: "Well, she 's a pretty nice girl, after all. I like her; yet I thought when she came, she was a little snob!"

Later on, Frances was pouring forth her experiences to her father and mother with such an unusual enthusiasm that they looked at her in amazement.

"I never knew people like the McKenzies! Why, Father, they have n't any money, yet nobody can pity them. They have so much besides. I can't tell what I mean; but they

that we can all go there next summer and take a house. I 'd like it better than Newport."

"Why, Frances," said her father in an amazed voice, "you seem—"

"Wakened up, Father, that 's the way I feel. I did n't know much before—I don't know much now, but I 'm learning. Elsie says I ought to be the happiest girl with so much, and I 'm going to be. Let us hurry home and begin. I want to show you, Mamma, and Mrs. McKenzie that I *do*



MILD THURSTON.
1906

"THE VERY THING!" SHE THOUGHT, CATCHING UP A PAIR OF
SOFT BROWN SLIPPERS."

have. I felt that I did n't amount to much. Elsie is so happy, and spunky, and sweet; and Jack is blunt, but he 's kind, and so straight; and Faith is so pretty, yet not a bit vain, and so smart, but not from books; and Dick is cunning, though he is such a mischief and tries me so; and Mr. McKenzie is a real hero. But I don't wonder, Mamma, that you love Mrs. McKenzie. She 's the best of all. I wanted so much to see you both, but I just cried when I left them. And, oh, Papa, do promise me

amount to something after all! And oh, I can't wait to tell you that I can make brown bread, and buttonholes and beds, and—and—gingerbread," said Frances, her eyes shining, her face aglow.

Ah, the Sleeping Beauty was indeed awakening! The Prince to rouse her dormant soul was a love and interest for others, and the fact that outside of self is a world of care, trouble, and joy, which even a girl may lessen or increase!



By Frank J. Stillman

How many ST. NICHOLAS readers know that the first regular postage-stamps ever produced bore the portrait of a woman? Great Britain was the pioneer in "stampdom," and it is noteworthy that the photograph of the eighteen-year-old Victoria, which adorned the first postage-stamp, continued to be the central feature of every stamp issued by Great Britain until nearly a year after the death of the good Queen—a period of more than sixty years.

A similar policy was pursued in the issue of stamps for the score or more colonies of Great Britain, and, with but few exceptions, the stamps have all borne the likeness of the girl Queen.

Canada followed the example of the mother-country until 1897, at which time a jubilee series, commemorative of the sixtieth anniversary of Victoria's ascension upon the throne, was issued. The stamps of this series were large, similar in size and shape to the famous Columbian stamps brought out by our postal department in 1893, and portrayed the Queen as she appeared as a girl in 1837, and as an aged woman in 1897. The portraits appeared in two ovals, side by side, upon each denomination of the series, from one half-cent to \$5.

Quite contrary to the desire of Queen Victoria was that of Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands. In 1891 the postal authorities brought out a new series of postage-stamps bearing the likeness of Wilhelmina, then a child of ten years. This series continued in use until the coronation of Wilhelmina in 1899, upon which occasion new stamps depicting the young Queen at the age of nineteen, appared in her coronation robes, and with a crown upon her shapely head, were presented by the postal department to the public.

The Spanish custom is similar to that of the

Netherlands. In 1889 a new series of stamps portrayed the infantile Alphonso XIII, the baby King of Spain, then three years of age. Eleven years later a new series was issued bearing the intelligent features of a fourteen-year-old boy. It is understood that this year, when King Alphonso reaches his majority, still another series of stamps will be produced which will depict the Spanish King in all his glory as the ruler of a nation.

The average person who, through ignorance, is disposed to regard with compassion the harmless and, to him, useless hobby of the stamp-collector, will no doubt be surprised to discover how much of interest and instruction there is in the pursuit of stamp-collecting. You will invariably find that the school-boy who is also a "stamp fiend" knows more of the geography of the various countries, their rulers and distinguished citizens, than any other pupil in the class.

As is usually the case with an innovation, the first postage-stamp was confronted at the outset with ridicule; in fact, the press of London made a concerted and vigorous effort to kill off the new postal arrival even before permitting the stamp to demonstrate its merits or its worthlessness. For example, one of the London papers opened upon the first postage-stamp, issued in 1840, with comments in this fashion:

Considerable diversion was created in the city to-day by the appearance of the new penny post devices; bits of sticking plaster about an inch square, for dabbing on letters. Withal, the citizens are rude enough to believe that these bits of sticking plaster, each with a head upon it which looks something like that of a girl but nothing of a Queen, will not go down at one shilling and one pence per dozen.

Prior to 1840, it was the custom to determine the postage charges upon letters or parcels ac-

cording to weight and distance to be despatched. The amount was written upon the face of the letter or parcel by the despatching postmaster, and, as a rule, the transportation fee was collected from the one who received it. It was the urgent need of a means to enable senders of mail to prepay postage that resulted in the invention of the stamp.

Not until 1847 did the United States bring out its first postage-stamp. In the meantime, however, news of the success of the experiment in Great Britain had reached this country, and in 1845 a number of postmasters in the United States had postage-stamps manufactured at the local printing-offices on their account, and at their own expense, and used them upon such letters as senders desired should be prepaid.

At first these "postmaster stamps," as they were called, were not sold to the public. They were kept on hand by the postmaster and affixed to prepaid mail, thus giving notice that the postmaster had received the amount called for. These stamps are now very valuable: a ten-cent stamp issued and signed by James M. Buchanan, then postmaster of Baltimore, Maryland, sold for \$4000. This stamp is as innocent-looking as a druggist's label: a plain bluish-white bit of paper, two inches long and a trifle more than half an inch wide, having "10 cents" printed at the bottom, and bearing the signature of Mr. Buchanan in the center.

It is a well-known fact that the smaller countries often have more numerous issues of stamps than the larger nations. The republic of Colombia, for example, with a population less than that of Pennsylvania, has issued more than 1200 varieties of postage-stamps and envelopes. Russia, with a population thirty times as great, has issued less than 100 varieties. The United States has produced approximately 1300 varieties of postage-stamps, including envelopes.

The smallest stamp ever issued is the half-penny of Victoria, which is about the size of half of one of our ordinary two-cent stamps, cut lengthwise. The largest regular postage-stamp is the five-pound Great Britain, two and a half inches long and an inch and a half wide. In the "sixties" the United States issued a revenue stamp of the denomination of \$500, which was almost as large as a postal card.

The postage-stamp of smallest face value is the Spanish *milesima*, equal to one "twentieth" of one cent of our money. France issues a one-centime stamp, equal to one fifth of one cent, and Barbados a one-farthing stamp. The United States has never issued a stamp of less value than one cent. The postage-stamp of highest face value is the Great Britain five-pound, equivalent to \$24.25. The United

States has no postage-stamp of a higher denomination than \$5, although a \$1000 revenue stamp was issued in 1897. Newspaper stamps, however, run in value as high as \$100.

Russia is the country that has made fewest changes in its stamps. In nearly fifty years Russia has brought out only eight distinctive designs. The most extravagant in the production of new designs are the Central American republics. For example, Salvador, with a population of 825,000 and an area smaller than that of New Jersey, issued a new and distinctive series of postage-stamps each year between 1890 and 1900.

The smallest independent stamp-issuing country is the principality of Monaco, situated between France and Italy. Monaco has only eight square miles of territory, with a population of less than 15,000. Its stamps are beautiful and much sought after by philatelists.

The republic of San Marino, in north-central Italy, has thirty-two square miles of territory, with a population of only 10,000, but issues very attractive stamps.

The republic of Haiti easily takes first rank in warlike display upon its stamps. Its stamps literally breathe war, with cannon, ammunition, small arms, and flags prominently displayed. On the contrary, the island colony of Nevis, in the West Indies, the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, teaches peace and charity. Its stamps depict the "good Samaritan" administering aid and comfort to a fallen comrade.

A very complete menagerie may be formed from a collection of postage-stamps having animals, birds, and fish as the central figures. The animals represented are: lion, tiger, elephant, giraffe, jaguar, camel, hippopotamus, buffalo, bear, leopard, dog, kangaroo, deer, horse, cow, llama, goat, monkey, donkey, beaver, duckbill, seal, sable, gorilla, cobra, crocodile, tortoise. The fowl family is represented by the peacock, owl, heron, eagle, parrot, turkey, snipe, swan, goose, quail, dove, huia-bird, emu, pheasant, lyre-bird, apteryz, torea. Of fish there are but two—the cod and carp. The insect kingdom has one representative in the butterfly, nestling in the coiffure of former Queen Liliuokalani.

Among the oddities in stamp designs may be mentioned that of Egypt, the stamps of this country having, from the first, borne the battered head of the Sphinx, with the great pyramids near by. All the stamps of Bremen, Germany, have as the central figure a large key. British Guiana has issued many different series of stamps, but every one has as the prominent feature a large three-master schooner. Canada's first stamp bore the picture of a beaver

in an oval. Stamps of China all depict snakes, dragons and horrible and fanciful monsters, while Korean stamps have as the noticeable feature a design which looks like three tadpoles curled up. Nearly all the stamps of Guatemala give the place of honor to a large green parrot-like mythical bird called a Quetzal, or Quetzal; while Nyassa, Africa's stamps run to lofty giraffes and double-humped camels.

Just at the time of the assassination of King Alexander, the Servian postal authorities were bringing out a new series of stamps bearing the portrait of the King in a circle. The sheets of stamps were all run through the presses again, and the portrait of the late King completely obliterated by means of a heavy design printed in black ink.

The United States, from the first, adopted a policy of honoring Presidents, statesmen, and military men by placing their portraits upon its stamps. The first stamp issued was that bearing the likeness of Benjamin Franklin, of the value of five cents; and it is a singular fact that, notwithstanding the numerous shiftings that have occurred, Franklin's face has never disappeared from our stamp of lowest denomination to this day.

The bust of George Washington adorned the three-cent value in 1851, and, with the exception of a single year, has since that time appeared upon the stamp used for domestic-letter postage. In 1869 the Postmaster General switched Washington to the six-cent stamp, substituting upon the three-cent denomination a clumsy, wide-stacked locomotive covering almost the entire stamp. This series remained in use only one year.

In 1873, when the departments each used distinctive postage-stamps instead of "penalty" envelopes, a sheet of the two-cent denomination for the navy was accidentally printed in green ink, the correct shade being ultramarine. Copies of this "error" now readily sell to philatelists at \$50 each, while copies of the correct color may be had for twenty-five cents.

In printing the two-colored Pan-American stamps in 1901, the pressman's assistant, who takes the sheets from the press and transfers them to piles, in a moment of absent-mindedness placed one of the sheets of the two-cent denomination upon the pile, wrong end to, after the red border had been printed. When the second impression, the "Empire State Express," in black, was printed upon the sheet, the train, of course, appeared upside down. The mistake was not noticed, and the sheet, along with hundreds of others, was sent to the postmaster at Brooklyn. Unused copies of this stamp sell to stamp-collectors for \$200 each;

and a copy of the four-cent Pan-American, a sheet of which was reversed in a similar way, with the automobile inverted, recently sold at auction for \$310.

The little island of Mauritius, off the east coast of Africa, holds the record for having issued the stampselling for the highest price. A copy of the two-penny stamp, issue of 1847, recently sold for \$7300 bid in at auction by a gentleman said to have been the personal representative of the Prince of Wales.

One of the postage-stamps of Nicaragua played quite an important part in the discussion of the interoceanic canal proposition during a recent session of Congress. The advocates of the Panama route presented senators with copies of a Nicaraguan stamp depicting a harbor, docks, and a belching volcano near by, as indicating the hazard—in view of the awful ruin wrought by Mount Pelee at Martinique—of constructing a canal through a volcanic country. The Nicaragua route was defeated, and who shall say that a postage-stamp did not contribute to the result?

The island of Barbados issued a series of stamps each of which depicts Neptune driving a span of prancing steeds through the seas. An artistic fleur-de-lis forms the central figure of the stamps of Parma. From 1861 to 1896 all the stamps of Greece bore the head of Mercury. Early stamps of Cape of Good Hope were triangular in shape, with Britannia, typical of "hope," reclining. The favorite design of the postal authorities of Straits Settlements is a monstrous tiger plunging through the jungle.

All the stamps of the Transvaal depict a stand of flags, beneath which appears the familiar covered "trekking" wagon, or "prairie-schooner." The Orange Free State started with a plain design,—a single orange-tree in the center, with three powder-horns beneath,—and has never changed it. Russia's few stamps have never been adorned with the portrait of a person—simply the arms of the royal house within an appropriate border; while the stamps of South American countries have borne portraits of presidents and military men whose name is legion.

The central figure of the early Newfoundland stamps was a thistle, and subsequent issues have portrayed the codfish and seal, as well as various members of the royal family. The shaggy head of a Newfoundland dog covers almost entirely the half-cent stamp of 1887. The shilling stamp of New South Wales gives a full-length picture of a kangaroo.

Until 1868, when the stamps of Italy were adopted, the Roman States, a principality, used distinctive stamps bearing the miter and crossed keys. Every stamp issued by Western Australia

up to 1901, has represented a large and majestic swan in its native element.

Perhaps the oddest design for a postage-stamp was that adopted by the Virgin Islands, a little colony fifty miles east of Porto Rico, with an area of fifty-eight square miles and a population of less than 5000. Since the first issue in 1866 to the present day, the full-length figure of the Virgin Mary has occupied the center of the design. The figure is attired in flowing robes, with a halo above her head casting rays of light.

Canada's Christmas stamp was the philatelic novelty of 1898. The design was large and represented a map of the world, in three colors, Canada and the British possessions being printed in red. At the bottom appeared the inscription, "We hold a vaster empire than has been."

Panama's stamps are simply maps bringing out prominently the isthmus.

The United States Post-office Department has not adopted a number of schemes in operation in other countries. For five cents extra Columbia will insure the delivery of a letter. New Zealand has a life-insurance stamp, and Columbia a "too late" stamp. Belgium even issues a "Sunday stamp" as a courtesy to those who believe in strict Sabbath observance. This stamp is a very long one, horizontally perforated half an inch from the bottom. The "coupon" thus formed bears the inscription that the letter shall not be delivered on Sunday. Persons not entertaining such views as to Sunday observance may tear off and destroy the coupon, and the letter will be delivered as soon as received.

It is the law of the United States not to honor a President or distinguished citizen by placing his portrait upon stamps until after the death of the person. The policy of Great Britain is precisely opposite: with the death of the reigning sovereign the likeness disappears.

Following the death of Queen Victoria, a new series of stamps bearing the portrait of King Edward was brought out as soon as the contractors could prepare designs.

Stamp-collectors are a great source of income to a number of small though independent countries. The latter issue frequently attractive series of stamps primarily to sell to philatelists. The

stamps cost but a fraction of one per cent. of the face value, and as they go into albums and are never used for postage, the revenue from their sale, which is considerable, is practically clear profit.

It is estimated that the stocks of stamp-dealers in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and France represent a cash value of \$5,000,000, and that the stamp-collectors residing in these countries number, as nearly as can be approximated, two millions. The Czar of Russia and the Prince of Wales, of Great Britain, are enthusiastic philatelists.

Portugal, Malta, and the Virgin Islands have issued postage-stamps strongly religious in design.

The five-shilling stamp of Malta has as the central figure a large Maltese cross, and the one-farthing stamp of 1900 gives a picture of the shipwreck of the apostle St. Paul upon the island, then known as Melita.

The one-and-sixpence Virgin Island stamps of the issue of 1866 illustrate the parable of the ten virgins, five of whom were wise and five of whom were foolish, the allegory being depicted by means of the figure of a female in the center of the stamp, with five miniature lamps ranged vertically on either side.

The old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," finds strong support in the recent postal issues of the new republic of Panama. When Panama declared her independence it was, of course, necessary to abandon the use of Colombian stamps; therefore, pending the preparation of a new series, orders were given that the stamps of the Colombian Republic should be overprinted "Republica de Panama."

Unfortunately—or rather, fortunately for Panama, as it afterward turned out—the printing-offices in Colon and Panama were illy furnished with type, and in order that the words "Republica de Panama" might be "set up" a sufficient number of times to overprint a sheet of the stamps, all the styles of type in the offices were brought into requisition. As a consequence a vast number of varieties, or "errors," were produced, which were eagerly bought by philatelists, and the treasury of Panama, then short of cash, was enriched by thousands of dollars of the money of stamp collectors.



A Stamp-Collecting Experience

By H. Hervey

STAMP-COLLECTING has its ups as well as downs. Successes come along occasionally; though the latter are not so frequent as one could wish.

While stationed at Bangalore, in Mysore, South India, I possessed only three *unused* "Prince Edward Island" stamps. One day I was informed by a stamp-scout of mine that a certain native lad who attended a big school across the road owned a complete set of thirteen — *used*; whereupon I resolved that if possible those stamps should change hands. The lad was pointed out to me as he passed my gate on his way to school; and I buttonholed him that afternoon as he was going home. To make myself more intelligible, I spoke in his own style of broken English.

"I say, man, you keeping stamps — no?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got collection with you?"

"Yes, sir," feeling for a skimpy little book jammed into the skimpy little pocket of his skimpy little coat.

"I also keeping," I continued reassuringly. "So come inside my house, man; we will show stamps."

Nothing loath, he accompanied me. I took him into my "stamp room," and first causing him to wash his hands, I gave him my four volumes to look at. He turned those pages with awe; his wide-open eyes bespoke the acme of astonishment, while he frequently gave vent to ejaculations of admiration. He possessed the stamp-collector's fever, it was plainly to be seen.

"Fine, eh?" I observed chucklingly.

"Oh, my — yes, sir! I never seeing collection like this before!"

Interested though the boy unmistakably was in those books, his glances nevertheless wandered about the room, and I noticed that they constantly recurred to a gigantic paper kite resting in a corner. I had made it for some young cousins who were living with us at the time. The boy's whole soul apparently swung between my stamp-albums — worth much good money — and that paper kite, to construct which had cost me a few annas. I had the knack of kite-building, and this one was six feet tall, proportionately broad, and embellished with all sorts of devices.

I looked through that young shaver's book, and found that I had not been misinformed; for there, sure enough, were the thirteen Prince Edwards — all used, lightly marked, perfect speci-

mens. True, they were bodily jammed on to the grimy page with thick dabs of boiled rice in lieu of gum; but I saw that they could be cleansed of this and other impurities. His whole collection comprised about two hundred stamps — the commonest of the common, barring those thirteen.

"Got any duplicates for exchange, man?" I queried.

He lugged from his rubbishy breeches pocket a filthy envelop containing a few current German, French, and Swiss, evidently wheedled out of the Europeans whom he had chanced to serve. No, the chap had nothing I wanted except those Prince Edwards; but I hungered after them.

"Where you getting these stamps, man?" I casually inquired, reverting to his book and indicating the thirteen gems.

"First they was in my puppah's collection, sir; how he getting them I don't know. When our house take fire in Madras, and we throwing things outside, my puppah's book coming in pieces. I finding one page only — with these stamps; rest lost or burn up. My puppah never collecting again, and told me to keep."

"Your duplicates no use to me," I presently observed; "but if you like, I will give you twenty-six stamps for your thirteen Prince Edwards."

"No, sir."

I expected as much; for, on looking through my American volume, he must have seen how poorly the island was represented. He was quite right in sticking out for a more advantageous deal.

"What, man! I meaning that you can take pick of twenty-six from my exchange-books."

"No, sir, cannot do."

"Thirty-nine, then, — three for one."

He shook his head; I felt inclined to shake him; so would you, had you been in my place, especially when I say that among my duplicates there were scores of stamps equal in value to his Prince Edwards: many of the rarer old Spanish, for instance — a variety in which I was particularly strong.

"Hang it, then, take fifty!"

"No, sir," persisted the obstinate numskull, pocketing his book and making a move. He bobbed himself out, and was half-way up the carriage-drive when I sang out to him, "I say, man, I will give a hundred!"

He turned for a moment, again wagged that

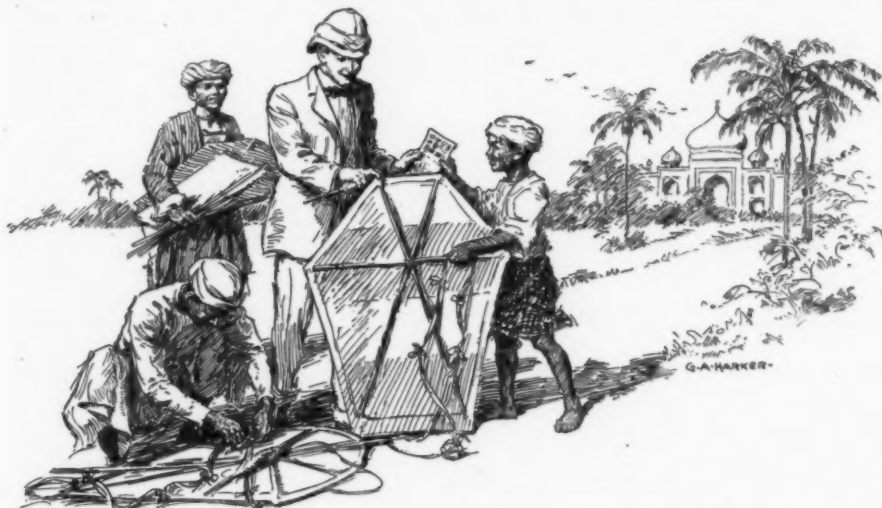
wooden head of his in dissent, and slowly went on his way "unwillingly to school."

As I cast the matter over in my mind, it occurred to me that peradventure the lad might be tempted by other means; so nabbing him the following evening, I took him over to Gaunt's shop, where they sold toys, cricket-kit, etc., and bade him help himself to twenty rupees' worth of stuff in exchange for his Prince Edwards. No; he declined! I told him to take the money if he preferred it—to spend as he liked. No again; he said he did n't want money. In an exasperated frame of mind, I left him. A few days later the boy appeared

same-like English fashion that I see in your room, I will give off stamps."

Soh! his frequent glances at that wretched kite were now accounted for! His ambition soared—not toward enriching his collection, but toward acquiring the art of paper-kite manufacture; and to learn that he would part with those stamp treasures, which nothing else would tempt him to give up!

For the next week the boy came to me regularly every afternoon, and I taught him the craft. At the end of that week,—during which not a word had been said about stamps,—we tried a kite of his own making. It flew beauti-



"THE KITE FLEW BEAUTIFULLY, WHEREUPON THE BOY HANDED ME THOSE THIRTEEN PRINCE EDWARD STAMPS."

shambling up the drive. I assumed an air of serene indifference, although my heart went pit-a-pat.

"Hullo, man, why you come?" I said.

"I will give the stamps, sir, for—for—something," he faltered, looking uncommonly sheepish and silly.

"Oh, go away, man! How many stamps I wanting to give! How many things I telling you to take from Gaunt's shop! How much money I offering, and you refuse! What nonsense, man!"

"I don't want stamps, sir; I don't want the play-toys; I don't want the money."

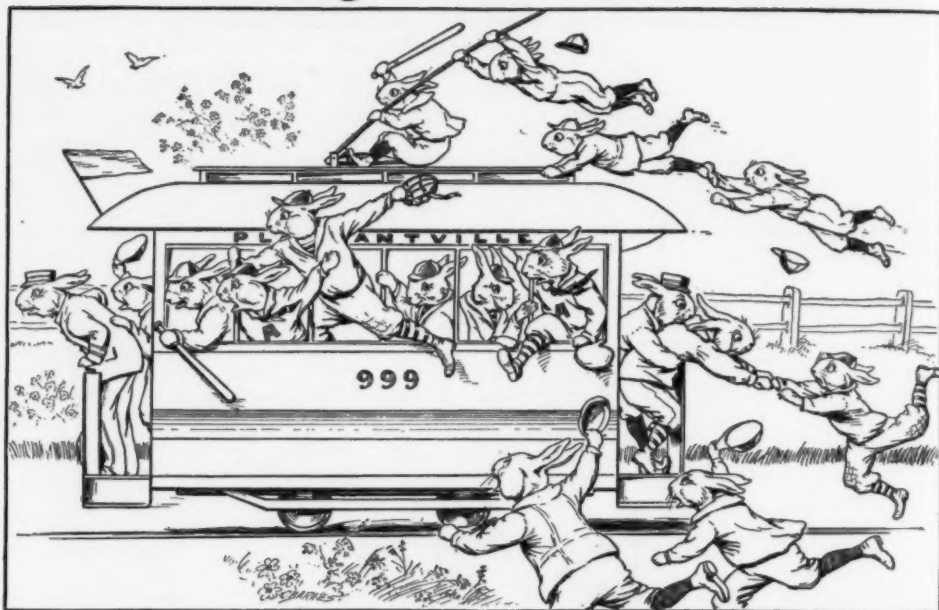
"What in the world *do* you want, then?" I vociferated, losing patience.

"If you will teach me how to make kite, sir,

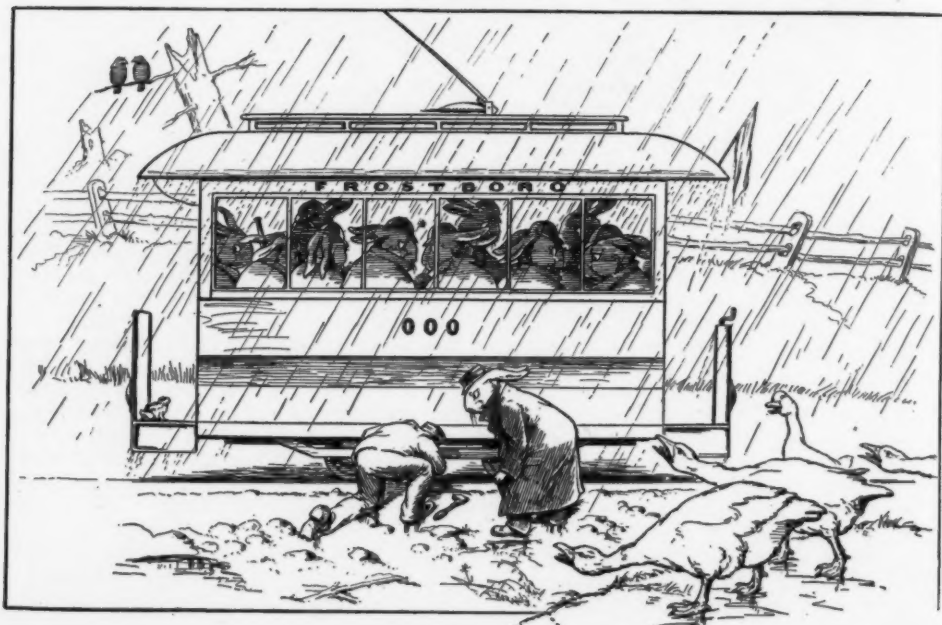
fully; whereupon he handed me those thirteen Prince Edwards without turning a hair, and walked off, accompanied by my two gardeners, carrying his kites and all materials employed in the business, which had been gradually accumulating on my side-veranda during those six days.

But delighted as I was with my "find,"—and practically for nothing,—conscience began to smite me; so a day or so afterward I again pounced on the lad and insisted upon his accepting several complete sets of Mexico, Antioquia, Argentina, and Costa Rica, which, after much pressing, he selected from my duplicates. I pointed out better ones; but no, he was taken by their size and color rather than by their value to stamp-collectors.

Returning from the Ball Game



THE VICTORS



THE VANQUISHED

Fritzi

By Agnes McClelland Daulton

Author of "From Sioux to Susan."

CHAPTER I

THE MEETING

THE day had n't known its own mind twenty minutes in succession. It had rained and shined, sulked, and thought better of it, ever since the sun came up; but now, at five o'clock in the afternoon, it seemed tired out with its own indecision and had settled to a steady downpour.

Sixth Avenue, overcast and gloomy, except where the shop windows suddenly glared out in the shadow, was filled with dragged shoppers scurrying along under dripping umbrellas. Out in the street, cars clanged and rattled, automobiles honked and thumped, horses, pelted unmercifully by the stinging drops, champed their bits and pushed with their heavy loads, unurged, into each opening of the traffic, while overhead, roaring and ramping like huge beasts, the elevated trains thundered to and fro.

In the midst of all this turmoil a pretty little girl, very wet and forlorn, picked her way across the street. A red tam-o'-shanter dragged down over her curly head, her cloak, half unbuttoned, flapped in the wind, her shoes slushed drearily upon her wet feet; but she seemed too immersed in her own woebegone thoughts to be aware of her discomfort. It was only when the policeman at Twentieth street plucked her from beneath a big dray horse's nose, and tucking her under his arm strode with her to the sidewalk, that she awoke to her surroundings.

"There! Trot along home to your mommer," rumbled the officer, putting her down on the curbing. "A minute more and I 'd been after callin' an ambulance. You 're too big a girl not to know better than to be gettin' under the horses' feet." Then suddenly recognizing her in the wet gloom, his fat face grew very kind, as he pulled her tam-o'-shanter farther over her ears. "Why, bless me, if it ain't Fritzi? Pretty gloomy in your flat, I 'm thinkin'. Can't you wait a bit in that door? I 'll be off me beat in half an hour and I 'll take you home to the missus. She 'd like nothin' better than cuddlin' yez, and Pat and little Mary will be tickled to death—yes, sure!"

"Thank you, Mr. McCarty," replied Fritzi, looking up gratefully, as two very salt drops joined the rain on her cheeks; "but I guess I won't to-night, for—"

"Don't want to, eh?—You always was a queer little duck. Well, Mrs. O'Brien will look after you a bit and the madame will be back before long. You better go home now, out of the rain." The violent clanging of a street car gong called him back to duty, and Fritzi, feeling more lonely and forlorn than ever, stood gazing aimlessly about her in the rain.

"WELCOME TO ALL."

FRITZI read this sign once, twice, and the third time, before the comfort of the message found its way through her numbed brain to her lonely heart. Those big gilt letters—once so bright and glittering they seemed to shout, now so faded and dim they but whispered—had been repeating their glad greeting before the church door to the hurrying, heedless passer-by for years; but to-day, as Fritzi said the words over to herself, it seemed a living voice calling, and so sweet was the invitation that her impulsive feet carried her straight up the stone steps, through the vestibule and into the gentle, soothing quiet of the empty church.

There had been a wedding there that morning and the church sisters in their black gowns and quaint white caps were carrying out the tall candles, the great spikes of lilies, folding away the white and gold, and putting again into place the rich red velvet altar cloths. From outside came faintly the rumble of traffic and the splashing of the rain upon the stained glass windows. The busy women, the reverent hush, the sweet-faced angels that smiled down at Fritzi from the windows, even the silent organ where she fancied music whispered in the stately pipes towering to the ceiling, brought her a sense of companionship as she nestled back in the corner of the high-backed pew, and it was not until the sisters, having accomplished their task, had turned out the lights above the altar and glided away in the gloom that loneliness once more swept over her and, quite unconscious that a lady had entered the pew and sat down beside her, she sobbed aloud.

That shuddering little gasp, followed by another and another, had hardly startled the quiet when to Fritzi's surprise an arm slipped about her and she found herself gathered into a warm, comforting embrace, while a soft voice was saying:

"There, there, honey! Cry it all out, and then we will see what can be done."

At that loving touch all the pent-up grief in Fritzi's motherless heart gave way, and laying her curly head on that broad comfortable shoulder she sobbed out her sorrow, until her tears ran dry, as childish tears must and Fritzi looked up into the face that bent so tenderly over her.

It had been the face of a famous beauty down in Virginia years ago, and in spite of the snowy hair that crowned it, the delicate lines that etched it, and the double chin, it was a beautiful face still.

Impulsive, beauty-loving Fritzi, with her grief almost forgotten though the tears still clung to her lashes, viewed the lady with awe. She was not in the least like other women that Fritzi had known, and the little girl felt that even those radiant beings who swept by in their carriages on Fifth Avenue were not so rare nor so beautiful. Then suddenly Fritzi's wilful tongue blurted out what Fritzi's admiring eyes had been saying:

"I think you are perfectly lovely!"

"Thank you, honey," the lady's eyes twinkled and her cheeks flushed a soft pink. "That is honest flattery anyhow. None of us grow so old nor—nor—so stout we do not like to be told we are lovely. But would you mind telling me, dear, what troubles you?"

Fritzi's eyes filled again, but she looked up bravely with a twisted little smile:

"I—I cried because Mattie went off and left me. Mattie—they call her Madame Lucile Sarti, but her real name is Mattie Riggs and she makes dresses—and I live with her. One of her ladies went off on a trip and wanted Mattie to go as her maid—and—Mattie went off with her for a—for a month and left me all alone in the flat, though she promised Mama Sims she'd look after me."

"And who is Mama Sims?" asked the lady.

"Why I always lived with her after my own mother died, and she was real good to me. Papa Sims taught me to play on the violin and I used to do a turn with him at the theater. He died two months ago in the flat just above Mattie's—we live just a block from here—and Mama Sims had to go back to her folks out to Indiana and take Buddy, he's

her baby. She could n't afford to keep me any longer, so Mattie took me—there was n't anybody else—I was n't any relation to anybody, you see. Mattie was good to me and I washed the dishes and tidied up and have gone to school every day. But she got this chance and went right off, though I cried and cried. She said Mr. McCarty—he's a policeman, and Mattie was good to them when their Patsy had the fever—would look after me, and Mrs. O'Brien,—she's the janitor's wife, but she's got six children of her own. You see—I was never—all alone before," added Fritzi, with a catch in her breath. "Prince Zanzabar—he's a man I used to help with his trained cockatoos, but I hated it, and Mama Sims said I did n't need to do it any longer; besides I'm too old now: I'm twelve. Then sometimes I went to Mr. Key's studio and he made pictures of me. He said they were for a little girls' magazine, and sometimes he'd tell me the stories—I did love that. But Mama Sims did n't like that for me, either—but now—I'm all alone." Fritzi was quite out of breath, her story had been pent up so long in her lonely heart that it only needed the sympathetic tears in the beautiful eyes that looked down upon her to give her courage to pour out all her trouble. "The Prince said he would pay the rent till Mattie comes back, but—but—the flat sort of chokes me, so I—so I—" and again Fritzi was sobbing.

"There, there, sweetheart," crooned the lady, over and over again, stroking the curly head, for she was deeply touched and greatly perplexed. Should she take this little unknown girl who seemed to have seen so much of the wrong and coarseness of the world among the children at home? Reason said "no," but her kindly heart said "yes." Suppose this was one of the dear girls at home, motherless, neglected, alone!

"There, dry your eyes now, dear," said the big lady, for her mind was made up. "We will go and get all your little duds now, for I am going to take you home. There is plenty of room in the Eyrie for one more birdling and you shall stay with us until Madame Sarti comes back. There, there honey—"

"Really and truly, may I go home with you?" exclaimed Fritzi eagerly; "I will wash the dishes and never break a single thing."

"Bless the child! Well, you see, dearie, I come from Virginia where guests never wash the dishes," laughed the lady, giving Fritzi

a comforting kiss. "But we'll find plenty to do, never you fear, and now come, we must by hurrying. I have been away so long that they will be frightened about me at home, and we have a long way before us not to mention the ferry ride."

velvet boy's suit she had worn as Prince Zanzabar's poor little helper. There was nothing else except the blue school dress, wet now to the knees from her long tramp in the rain.

Fritzi from necessity was of a practical turn of mind and she did not like the thought

of wearing her best red frock out into the rain; the pink silk gown also seemed most unsuitable, and the dripping, dragged skirt of her school dress was an unpleasant object both to see and feel. There was nothing, then, but the little black velvet suit. It was very warm and comfortable and with her long winter coat buttoned over it, she thought no one would be the wiser.

For Fritzi to think was to act, and when the lady returned followed by the bare-armed Mrs. O'Brien, who was tagged in her turn by half a dozen dirty children, it was a cloaked and hatted Fritzi who greeted her, with the telescope strapped and ready; and laid beside it was the little green baize bag that held her precious fiddle.

"Ready so quickly, child? Well, that is good!" exclaimed the lady, bustling in.

"Mrs. O'Brien says she is sure Madame Sarti will be very glad to have you go home with me. She has given me Madame's address and I will write her at once, and to Mrs. Sims as well. And then, too, Mrs. O'Brien, I want you to please see Mr. McCarty and Prince Zanzabar and tell them where Fritzi has gone. I don't want them to think I have run away with the child. Here's my card and address. And now, Fritzi, dear, say good-by to your friends for we are very late." Fearlessly, happily, Fritzi went with the big lady



"TO FRITZI'S SURPRISE AN ARM SLIPPED ABOUT HER, AND SHE FOUND HERSELF GATHERED INTO A WARM, COMFORTING EMBRACE."

CHAPTER II

THE HUNTERS

THE lady had gone down-stairs to find Mrs. O'Brien and explain that Fritzi was going on a visit, and Fritzi was left to do her packing. That did not take as long as one would imagine. There was nothing to put in the shabby old telescope but a scarlet cashmere gown, that she wore when she went walking with Madame Sarti. A flimsy pink silk used in her "turn" with Professor Sims and a black

out into the rain and darkness. Silently they climbed the stairs to the elevated station; there was a clink of money, the craunch of the ticket-chopper and then as they stood upon the jarring platform away toward the north a pair of great green eyes began to glow and glitter as the train came rushing toward them.

"South Ferry train," shouted the guard, and away they swung, while below the city growled and grumbled on in its unceasing toil.

"Is it very far to Virginia?" asked Fritzi timidly of the lady, who sat shading her eyes from the glare, but who rested a caressing hand upon her shoulder.

"To Virginia? Oh, I see," replied the lady, smilingly, "I said I came from Virginia, but now I live over on Staten Island, in a big old house we call the Eyrie, because it clings like an eagle's nest to the brow of a hill, and you can see miles and miles across the bay and on the other side far out to sea."

"Oh," sighed Fritzi happily. "I never saw the real sea but once and that was when Professor Sims had a week's engagement for us at Coney Island; but I had to play my fiddle so many hours I was almost too tired to do anything but sleep; and besides I could n't have a very good time on the beach because Mama Sims never let me play with other children, no one except Buddy. You see, she said my Mama was a real lady, and she would n't want me brought up rudely."

"So I thought," mused the lady, looking intently at the slender hands and the delicate oval of the pretty face. "It is strange, child, that your eyes and lashes are so black and your hair so golden. I don't think I ever saw so great a contrast."

Fritzi made no reply, but turned away her face to hide the quick blush that mounted painfully to her temples.

"Do you know anything about your family, Fritzi?" questioned the lady as the train drew into the station.

"Nothing except that my mother was hurt on the street and died in the hospital when I was a wee little girl. Mama Sims was a nurse there and she took a fancy to me, and kept me till Papa Sims died. She always said when I got big, may be she could help me find my father. But that is all I know."

Fritzi was so tired and sleepy she hardly knew how her feet followed down the stairs and out into the sulking old ferry-boat. Once there she settled comfortably in her corner and soothed by the motion of the boat sank into a dreamless sleep.

"Wake up, Fritzi. Wake up, honey." Fritzi confused and bewildered started out of her nap. The big lady was leaning over her shaking her gently. "Wake up, dear. We have reached Staten Island."

"Aunt Nancy Spear!" cried a merry voice, as the big lady and Fritzi trailed slowly out with the crowd. "Aunt Nancy Spear! We have been scared perfectly green about you. Here she is, Will! Come on Jo and Bert. Here 's our wicked Auntie, just as sweet and calm as if her wretched relatives had not been suffering agonies over her for the last two hours!" Then, as Fritzi looked about expectantly for all these boys, just the prettiest girl swooped down on the big lady, and another prettier and another, the third, prettiest of all, and last a rollicking, laughing-faced boy. They fairly swarmed about Fritzi's lady—she was kissed, and hugged, and patted, all of which liberties she seemed to thoroughly enjoy, for her cheeks grew very rosy and her eyes very bright, as she greeted them one after another.

"Hello, Auntie!" cried the boy. "Mother 's almost had fits and we 've thought of chaining Huldy and Uncle Christmas."

"Poor old Auntie," cooed the oldest girl. "She 's just tired to death."

"And who on earth is this?" exclaimed the youngest and prettiest girl, suddenly realizing that the big lady had fast hold of a slender little hand that belonged to a slender girl. "Goodness gracious, Auntie, who is this you are kidnapping?"

"I 've been waiting my chance, Jo, to introduce my guest. This is Fritzi—now this is funny, honey!" and Mrs. Spear looked smilingly down at Fritzi; "but I reckon I forgot to ask your last name."

"My real name," said Fritzi, flushing to the roots of her golden mop, "is Elizabeth Fredrika Otlie Pauline Von Saal, but they have always called me Fritzi for short."

"Great guns!" muttered the boy, "I should think she 'd need a memory guide to remember 'em."

"Well, my dears," went on Mrs. Spear in her soft drawl. "Fritzi has come to make us a nice long visit, and I want you all to do your very best to help her have a good time. This, Fritzi, is my oldest niece, Miss Willis Hunter, and this next stair-step is Roberta, and this is Johanna, my third niece, and last, this is Albert, our one boy; but an extra lively one, to make up for a lack of numbers. For short, as you say, they are

Will, Rob, Jo and Bert. So you see how nicely you fit in with your boy's name."

"We all have boys' names except Bert," broke in Jo, prancing up and down and grinning wickedly. "When he's silly, which is pretty much all the time, we call him Alice."

"Wait 'til I get you home!" threatened the boy.

"Peace, peace, you two!" rebuked Willis, throwing a detaining arm about the neck of each.

"Oh, that reminds me," laughed Rob, "that Auntie never mentioned the most important child of the family, Peace. She's the baby and just seven. She's little—"

"But, oh my!" finished Jo, struggling to escape Willis's embrace.—"Mother ought to have named her War instead of Peace. Wait till you hear her scream and kick."

"And all this time," exclaimed Rob, seizing the handle of Fritzi's telescope, "poor old Uncle Christmas is sitting in the rain. Come on, everybody."

"Here, let me help," cried Bert. "Why what have you there?" he inquired, as Fritzi resisted his effort to capture the green baize bag. "Something precious?"

"My violin," explained Fritzi, smiling back at him. "And, please, I never let anybody carry it but myself."

"Oh, gee! Can you play? Now that's jolly! Did you hear that, Rob? We've got a new member for the orchestra. I hope she'll beat you all hollow, Joey, and take you down a peg or two."

"Dat yo', Miss Nancy?" cried a voice as they emerged laughing and chatting from the ferry house. "Dat yo' Missy?"

A shabby old surrey, two shabby old horses with a shabby old darky for a driver, stood under the electric light in the rain. The whites of the old man's eyes, his snowy hair and beard, gleamed against the blackness of his skin as he leaned out anxiously over the side, with his persistent question.

"I'm here, Uncle Christmas, safe and sound," cried Mrs. Spear cheerily, "never felt better in my life."

"Bress de Lord fur dat!" quavered the old man. "Huldy an' me's bin plum skeered out of our ol' brack skins."

"Just listen to Uncle Christmas," laughed Rob as they all scrambled into the surrey. "Come, Fritzi, cuddle down here with me under this warm rug. Is n't this jolly?"

To Fritzi it was all like a wonderful dream; the drip-drop of the rain upon the carriage

top, the cozy warmth within; the gay jokes, the clatter and the laughter, as they jogged along, plashing through pools, and slowly mounting up and up, to where the Eyrie waited them.

"Here we are!" shouted Bert, making a trumpet of his hands, as the old surrey drew up at the arched gateway in the high hedge, where just beyond, the light from the open door shone out across the wet pavement. "Safe home!"

"Dat yo', Christmas?" queried a voice from the veranda.

"Yaas, heah's Miss Nancy, Huldy."

"Oh bress de Lord!" cried Huldy. "Heah yo' is all of yo'. Come in, come in!"

Up the steps they splashed and into the wide cheery hall, so full of the atmosphere of home and hospitality it seemed to waft the spirit of it out into the night.

"Here, Huldy," said Mrs. Spear, pushing Fritzi forward. "Here's another baby for you to cuddle. The child is so tired and worn out she can't find her own buttons. Get her out of her cloak and hat."

Willis's gentle hands removed the old tam-o'-shanter, Rob took the fiddle from the little listless hand; Huldy undid with skilful fingers buttons, one, two, three, four—and down slipped the shabby old cloak.

"Suffering Moses!" cried Jo, as she caught sight of the velvet suit, "she's a boy!"

NEXT morning a sunbeam, having set all the varnished buds of the horse-chestnut tree that grew just outside of the open window aglitter, threw a leg over the sill and hopped gaily in, intent upon his morning business. He painted the apple blossoms upon the wall paper a brighter pink, swept the rose and gray of the rug into warmer hues, polished the little brass bed until it glittered like gold, washed the white counterpane to snow, set a halo about the yellow curly head upon the pillow, and then in a merry twinkle darted across the little freckled nose. The nose wrinkled and winked, but it was of no use; the sunbeam had his inexorable duty to do, so brushed across the closed eyelids. The lids fluttered, then flew open and a pair of startled black eyes looked out on the pretty room, now flooded by a thousand sunbeams.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Fritzi sitting up in bed. "It's heaven!"

In amazement Fritzi's glance swept the room; but it was not until it fell upon another little bed, over the edge of which hung a long,

heavy, tousled braid of red hair, that Fritzi understood.

That braid she had seen before; that could belong to nobody but Joey Hunter, and Fritzi cuddled down once more among her pillows to think it out.

Could she, this dainty Fritzi, lying in the luxury of a pretty lace-trimmed gown in this beautiful room, be the same who so hopelessly had crossed Sixth Avenue only the evening before? And yet this seemed the most-at-home, the realest Fritzi after all, for far back in her memory there was a dim picture of such an

some beautiful dream, best of all had been Mrs. Spear's visit to her bedside.

"Asleep Fritzi?" she had asked, softly, tiptoeing in to lean over the little bed. "I've come to say good-night, dear."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Fritzi, smiling up happily, "I can't go to sleep because it is so beautiful," smoothing the little white pillow lovingly. "I just *love* clean."

"Bless your heart, honey, you look like a little lily-bud lying there! But you must go to sleep now and have a good rest. I want you to promise me, Fritzi, not to tell Bert or



"'SUFFERING MOSES,' CRIED JO, 'SHE'S A BOY!'"

other dainty nest, of just such a sunny pretty room, and there was a sweet somebody there—a woman, her mother—yes, and still more dimly, a man, her father, and they had both loved her. But when or where? Try as she would she could recall no more; the outline was too faint.

It had been so pleasant last night, like

Jo about Madame Sarti, Professor Sims and the Prince. If they ask you about your home tell them to come to me. Just forget all about it if you can, dearie, and enjoy yourself to the uttermost.

"Here's a little kiss for you, my dear. Now say your prayers, honey, and I wish you the sweetest dreams. Good night."

(To be continued.)



AT THE SIGN OF THE WHITE LION

BY ARTHUR M. LANE

IN one of the quaint many-gabled houses that stood on London Bridge during the reign of Queen Mary, there lived a little lad named Richard Hewett, or Dicky, as he was called by all the boys and girls of the neighborhood.

The house in which Dicky lived was on the Southwark side of the bridge, right next the drawbridge, which was almost midway between London and Southwark. Dicky's father was a mercer, or merchant, as we would say nowadays, and over the door of his neat shop dangled one of the innumerable signs for which London Bridge was famous—a white lion boldly standing out on a scarlet ground.

Dicky was a jolly little fellow, ruddy-cheeked and blue-eyed, and was ever ready for a game of tag or "all-hid" with his boy and girl companions.

Living so near the water, it was natural that Dicky should be an expert swimmer. Among all the lads on London Bridge none could tread water better, or swim under water longer, than Dicky Hewett. But, despite his propensity for all kinds of mischief and innocent fun, he was an industrious little chap, and conned his books diligently.

It was Dicky's one ambition to become a great man, and, as his father truly said, a good education was the best means of attaining that end. Master Hewett applauded Dicky's ambition, and every week he laid away a portion of his hard-earned wages to further his son's desire. But the sum did not grow very rapidly, and

Dicky was often sore afraid that it never would become large enough.

The early days of 1554 were stirring ones for the entire city of London. Dissatisfaction ran rife from one end of the town to the other. Mary, who was at that time Queen of England, had declared her intention of marrying Philip of Spain, a step that did not by any means meet with the approval of her subjects.

Week by week the discontent continued, until at length, on a certain gray February day in that memorable year, it culminated, and excitement on the bridge reached fever-heat.

Early in the afternoon of that winter day news reached the Mayor and sheriffs of London town that Sir Thomas Wyatt, at the head of a large band of stanch yeomen, was marching from Deptford to Southwark, their purpose being to enter London and seize the Queen, who, in spite of the pleas of her counselors, persisted in her intention of marrying Philip of Spain.

The Lord Mayor instantly issued orders that every loyal subject should close and bar his shop and stand ready to defend the bridge. The gates at the Southwark end of the bridge were closed and the drawbridge was raised to prevent the enemy from gaining admission to the city.

The Hewetts, as we have seen, lived on the Southwark side of the bridge, and when the heavy drawbridge was raised they were cut off entirely from the protection of the Mayor's forces. Then what an exciting time ensued on the Southwark side of the bridge! Shutters were fastened, doors barricaded, and all sorts of cumbersome firearms placed in readiness. Then followed an anxious period of watching and waiting.

At last, late in the afternoon, the dreaded Sir Thomas, with his two thousand burly men, arrived before the bridge gates. He saw at a glance that the Londoners were prepared to



OLD LONDON BRIDGE AT ABOUT THE TIME OF THIS STORY. REPRINTED FROM ST. NICHOLAS FOR

hold the bridge at all odds, and, observing the ponderous cannon that gaped with iron mouths on the other side of the raised drawbridge, he evidently thought discretion the better part of valor, for he fell back and waited before the sturdy bridge gates.

Night fell, and the anxious shopmen on the Southwark side, who were exposed to the immediate attack of Wyatt's ruffians should they force the gates, gathered determinedly around their kitchen fires, never daring to take their eyes from their trusty weapons. So the time dragged and there was no move on the part of the rebels.

As the night progressed and there still came no cries of murder or noise of carnage, the loyal merchants relaxed their vigilance, and at the Sign of the White Lion, little Dicky Hewett, tired enough, pretty well frightened, as you may imagine, at last crept off to bed at his father's behest.

But he could not sleep. Every little noise seemed to assume enormous proportions, and Dicky afterward was not ashamed to confess that he more than once hid his head under the bed-clothes.

At length he fell into a doze. Suddenly he awoke with a start. Surely that was a tread on the roof! He listened sharply. Yes; there it was again, an unmistakable footstep on the stone just outside his window. And, strange to say, in the face of actual danger, Dicky did not cover his head with the quilt. He quivered in a strange fashion, and lay with wide-open eyes staring at the lattice.

Of a sudden the window was cautiously swung open (the windows at that time opened like doors), and a man's head was thrust into the room. The pale beams of the rising moon lighted the room faintly, and Dicky almost held

his breath while he stared and stared. At last, like a cat, a man crept into the little chamber. Dicky caught a sudden glimpse of a giant-like form and of a grim, bearded face, the sight of which made him long to cry out, but the words stuck in his throat. He gasped, but made no outcry, and the tall man turned sharply to two others who had by this time made their way into the room.

"What was that?" he whispered hoarsely, as he approached the bed.

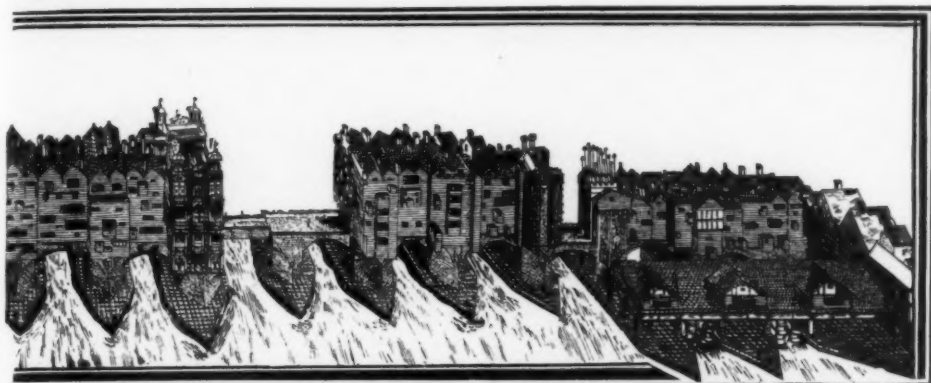
Instantly Dicky closed his eyes, and though his heart very nearly stopped beating, he contrived to keep perfectly still. He knew that the man was standing over him, and he could not help heaving a sigh of relief when he heard him turn softly away.

"T is but a lad, fast asleep," he heard the man mutter to his companions. And then they all three crept silently out of the room, and once or twice Dicky heard the stairs creak as they made their way to the lower floor.

Though badly frightened, Dicky's mind worked rapidly, and no sooner had the last creak of the stairs betokened that the marauders had arrived below, than he threw off the bed-covers, sprang out of bed, hurried into his clothes, and followed.

The kitchen door was closed, and Dicky, in his stocking-feet, had to grope along the narrow passage that led up to it, like a midnight plunderer. He at length reached the door without stumbling, and waited a moment with bated breath.

There was not a sound from the kitchen, and the lad's heart gave a queer jump as he realized that perhaps the three ruffians had already killed his father and mother. With a suppressed sob, he crept closer and peeped through the wide crack that cleft the heavy door exactly in



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twain from floor to ceiling. How great was his joy when he saw that his parents were still safe! To be sure, the three rebels were aiming their ungainly firearms directly at Master Hewett and his wife, which plainly showed that they were in danger; but Dick's mind was set

self. Make no outcry, and we shall not harm ye. Barney," as he turned to a sturdy young fellow of scarce eighteen, "do you remain here, while Cuthbert and myself have a peep at the Lord High Admiral and our good Lord Mayor, and find out what they are plotting between them on the other side of the drawbridge. Master Hewett, I trust you and your good dame will keep silence."

"T is treason to let you spy on the Lord High Admiral and the worshipful Lord Mayor," Master Hewett returned. "But ye have us in your power, and I give ye my word that we will set up no clamor."

"Well said, my good mercer! And now, Cuthbert, to business," and the tall, bearded man, who was no other than Sir Thomas Wyatt himself, stepped out of the door into Master Hewett's shop, followed by him whom he called Cuthbert.

For a moment Dicky stood perplexed. Then, like a flash, he realized what Wyatt and Cuthbert were about. They were spying upon the sheriff's men on the other side of the drawbridge, for the purpose of discovering the plans of the Lord Mayor. So much was clear to Dicky, and he was also certain that the rebels had no right to be about such business. He thought rapidly for a time. He could not, of course, prevent Wyatt from carrying out his plan, but he could warn the Lord Mayor of the rebels' movements.

And how do you suppose he did it? You have been told that Dicky was a perfect water-rat, and of course he could dive and swim, and now this accomplishment was to stand him in good stead.

Dicky's hastily conceived plan was to climb down the rough stone abutments of one of the piers that supported the bridge, dive into the



"A MAN'S HEAD WAS THRUST INTO THE ROOM."

doubly at rest when the tallest and most villainous-looking of the three men observed:

"Prithee, good master, don't disturb thy-



"HE SKULKED HERE AND THERE IN THE SHADOWS."

water, swim to the other side, and so admonish the Lord Mayor that he was being spied upon.

Without hesitating another minute, Dicky cautiously made his way to a side window, opened the lattice, and clambered out.

He skulked here and there in the shadows cast by the neighboring houses, and soon reached the nearest pier. He wasted no time, but with infinite care began the perilous descent. The stone abutments were very cold, and his hands and feet soon became numb, but with remarkable grit he clutched and swung from one abutment to another.

It was slow work, for it was dark, and the brave little lad had to feel his way. Finally, after what seemed like an hour to the shivering Dicky, he reached the last abutment, and, after clinging there a moment, he plunged, as silently as possible, into the cold, dark river.

The water was like ice, but he gritted his teeth and struggled on. It seemed as if he *never* would reach the opposite shore; but at length his feet touched bottom, and he rushed gasping but thankful, out of the swirling water.

Five minutes later the Lord High Admiral and his friend, the Lord Mayor of London, who were conversing in low tones on the London side of the drawbridge, were startled to behold a

dark, little form making its way through the ranks of merry sheriffs' men, who moved aside, murmuring in approbation. The story of Dicky's plucky swim, and the reason for it, had spread like wild-fire all along the bridge, and more than once Dicky flushed with embarrassment as some stout soldier clapped him heartily on the back and saluted him with words of praise.

"Whom have we here?" the Lord Mayor asked, as he surveyed Dicky's dripping figure.

"By my faith, 't is a lad, and he 's wet from crown to toe," put in the Lord High Admiral. "What is thy name, lad, and whence dost thou come?"

His teeth chattering, Dicky replied with a deep curtsey and the respect which his mother had taught him was due to those of exalted station:

"They call me Richard Hewett, sir, so it please you."

"And what dost want, Master Richard?" the Lord Mayor inquired in a kindly tone, as he threw his own heavy cloak around Dicky's shivering form. "So; that is better, is it not?" he asked, with a smile that did much to dispel Dicky's fear of such a great and much-dreaded man.

Briefly, and with still chattering teeth, the lad told his tale. The great gentlemen listened



"BRIEFLY, AND WITH CHATTERING TEETH, THE LAD TOLD HIS TALE."

carefully until he had finished. Then quoth the Lord High Admiral to the Lord Mayor:

"Faith, sir, this will bear investigation."

With which the two dignitaries, followed by one of the sheriffs, crept softly to the edge of the drawbridge. All three strained their eyes, and, sure enough, on the opposite side of the wide chasm they distinguished the dim figures of Sir Thomas Wyatt and his companion, well concealed in the shadows of the White Lion.

As soon as they realized that they were discovered, the two conspirators made a wild dash for safety and succeeded in escaping.

Great excitement prevailed for a time; guards were instantly placed near the edge of the drawbridge, and when at last calm settled down upon the Lord Mayor's forces, his Lordship turned to Dicky, and clapping him gently on the back, said: "My lad, thou hast done excellent service to-night. 'Tis such lads as thou that make the bold, brave men of England. And now, Master Richard, you are surely chilled after your swim, and had better hie to bed. Everybody on London Bridge is thy debtor this night, and anybody will be right glad to give thee a couch, I wot. Gregory," he called to the tall sheriff, "you will see that Master Hewett is warmly housed until morning."

But the Lord High Admiral, with a courteous wave of the hand, addressed the Mayor.

"Not so fast, sir," he observed. "The boy should certes have some reward for his valor."

"My word, yes," the Mayor returned approvingly. "Tell me, my lad, how can we pay thee for thy service? Dost want a new doublet and hosen? Or a fine warm cloak, perchance? Speak out, boy; needst have no fear."

"My Lord," stammered Dicky, as he went very red. "I want no reward for my service. I did it not for a reward, but to save the bridge and my home."

"Bravely said, my modest little fellow," growled the Admiral. "Natheless, thou shalt be requited for thy pluck. Now, get thee to bed."

Early next morning, Dicky learned with thanksgiving that Sir Thomas Wyatt and his men had marched away during the night; and though they actually did effect an entrance into London town at another point, the rebel forces were soon put down, and peace was restored to the city.

ONE afternoon, not a week later, a gorgeous coach, drawn by four splendid black horses, rumbled across London Bridge and drew up

before the White Lion. And who do you suppose stepped out of the coach? No less a personage than the Lord Mayor himself, resplendent in a cloak that fairly dazzled the spectators, and with him came a slim, grave old man, neatly clad in somber black.

Dicky saw the twain enter the shop and immediately fled. But his father, with all due honor, approached the Mayor and bowed deeply before him.

"It gives me great pleasure to greet thee, Master Hewett," the Lord Mayor said. "I also wish to compliment you on your brave little son, who did us a most worthy service a few nights since. Where is Master Richard? Methought I saw him disappear through yon door as I entered your shop."

Much against his inclinations, Dicky was at length persuaded to face the Lord Mayor, who made much of him; and after praising him till the poor lad's cheeks flamed with embarrassment, he presented his sober-faced companion.

"Master Richard, this is Master William Debow, a famous scholar, who has come to superintend your education. Nay, nay; cease thy blushing, lad. I have made inquiry among thy neighbors, and find that thou art a brave, good boy, and that thy ambition is to become a learned man. 'Tis an ambition worthy of so plucky a lad, and in appointing Master Debow thy mentor, I am but repaying a service which all London Bridge doth laud most prodigiously. How say you, lad? Dost think all this praise will turn thy head?" And the Lord Mayor slyly pinched Dicky's cheek.

At first Dicky could only stammer and blush more than ever, but he finally succeeded in expressing his gratefulness to the Mayor; and after more conversation with Master Hewett and his good wife, the genial gentleman departed.

The grave, silent old scholar, Master Debow, remained at the White Lion for many a day; and under his admirable tutelage, Dicky made rapid progress in his studies. In his seventeenth year he entered the famous University of Oxford; and when, several years later, he finished his course, he became a lawyer of great renown, and during the reign of "Good Queen Bess," when the armies of England and Spain were fighting for supremacy, Richard Hewett took a prominent part in a perilous campaign in Holland, and was knighted for valor on the field of battle.

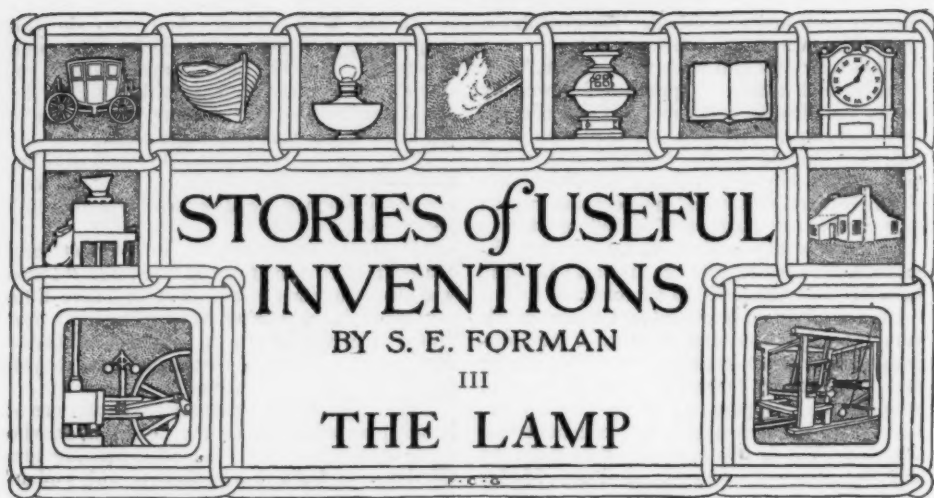


FIG. 1. A FIREFLY LAMP.

time and uses it for work or for travel or for social pleasures, or for the improvement of his mind, and in this way adds several years to life. He could not do this if he were compelled to grope in darkness. When the great source of daylight disappears he must make light for himself, for the sources of night-light—the moon and stars and aurora borealis and lightning are not sufficient to satisfy his wants. In this chapter we shall follow man in his efforts to conquer darkness, and we shall have the story of the lamp.

We may begin the story with an odd but interesting kind of lamp. The firefly or lightning-bug which we see so often in the summer nights was in the earliest time brought into service and made to shed its light for man. Fireflies were imprisoned in a rude box—in the shell of a cocoanut, perhaps, or in a gourd—and the light of their bodies was allowed to shoot out through the numerous holes made in the box. We must not despise the light given

out by these tiny little creatures. "In the mountains of Tijuca," says a traveler, "I have read the finest print by the light of one of these natural lamps (fireflies) placed under a common glass tumbler, and with distinctness I could tell the hour of the night and discern the very small figures which marked the seconds of a little Swiss watch."

Although fireflies have been used here and there by primitive folk, they could hardly have been the first lamp. Man's battle with darkness really began with the torch, which was lighted at the fire in the cave or in the wigwam and kept burning for purposes of illumination. A burning stick was the first lamp (Fig. 2). The first improvement in the torch was made when splinters of resinous or oily wood were tied together and burned.

We may regard this as a lamp which is all wick. This invention resulted in a fuller and clearer light, and one that would burn longer than the single stick.

A further improvement came when a long piece of wax or fatty substance was wrapped about with leaves. This



FIG. 2. A BURNING STICK WAS THE FIRST LAMP.

was something like a candle, only the wick (the leaves) was outside, and the oily substance which fed the wick was in the center.

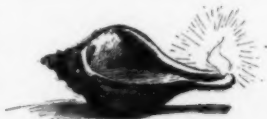
In the course of time it was discovered that it was better to smear the grease on the *outside* of the stick, or on the outside of whatever was to be burned; that is, that it was better to have the wick *inside*. Torches were then made of rope coated with resin or fat, or of sticks or splinters smeared with grease; here the stick resembled the wick of the candle as we know it to-day, and the coating of fat corresponded to the tallow or paraffin. Rude

candles made of oiled rope or of sticks smeared with fat were invented in primitive times, and they continued to be used for thousands of years after men were civilized. In the dark ages—and they were dark in more senses than one—torch-makers began to wrap the central stick first with flax or hemp and then place around this a thick layer of fat. This torch gave a very good light, but about the time of Alfred the Great (900 A. D.) another step was taken: the central stick was left out altogether, and the thick layer of fat or wax was placed directly around the wick of twisted cotton. All that was left of the original torch—the stick of wood—was gone. The torch had developed into the *candle*. The candles of to-day are made of better material than those of the olden time, and they are much cheaper; yet in principle they do not differ from the candles of a thousand years ago.

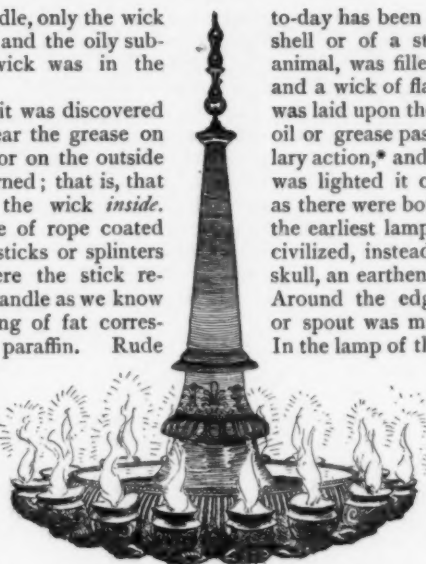
I have given the development of the candle first because its forerunner, the torch, was first used for lighting.

But it must not be forgotten that along with the torch there was used, almost from the beginning, another kind of lamp. Almost as

soon as men discovered that the melted fat of animals would burn easily—and that was certainly very long ago—they invented in a rude form the *lamp* from which the lamp of



A SHELL FILLED WITH OIL AND USED AS A LAMP.



AN ETRUSCAN LAMP 2500 YEARS OLD.

to-day has been evolved. The cavity of a shell or of a stone, or of the skull of an animal, was filled with melted fat or oil, and a wick of flax or other fibrous material was laid upon the edge of the vessel. The oil or grease passed up the wick by capillary action,* and when the end of the wick was lighted it continued to burn so long as there were both oil and wick. This was the earliest lamp. As man became more civilized, instead of a hollow stone or a skull, an earthen saucer or bowl was used. Around the edge of the bowl a gutter or spout was made for holding the wick.

In the lamp of the ancient Greeks and Romans the reservoir which held the oil was closed, although in the center there was a hole through which the oil might be poured. Sometimes one of these lamps would have several spouts or nozzles. The more wicks a lamp had, the more light it would, of course,

give. There is in the museum at Cortona, in Italy, an ancient lamp which has sixteen nozzles. This interesting relic was used in a pagan temple in Etruria more than twenty-five hundred years ago.

Lamps such as have just been described were used among the civilized peoples of the ancient world, and continued to be used through the middle ages far into modern times. They were sometimes very costly and beautiful, but they never gave a good light. They

sent out an unpleasant odor, and they were so smoky that they covered the walls and furniture with soot. The candle was in every way better than the ancient lamp, and after the invention of wax tapers—candles made of wax—in the thirteenth century, lamps were no longer used by those who could afford to buy tapers. For ordinary purposes and ordinary people, how-



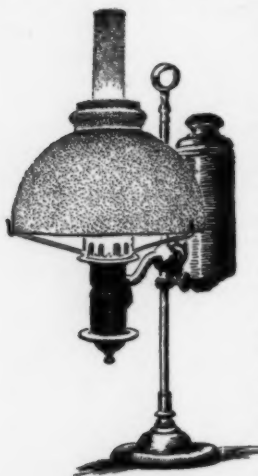
AN ANCIENT LAMP.

* Hold the end of a dry towel in a basin of water and watch the water rise in the towel. It rises by capillary action.



AN OLD DUTCH LAMP.

ever, the lamp continued to do service, but it was not improved. The eighteenth century had nearly passed, and the lamp was still the unsatisfactory, disagreeable thing it had always been. Late in the eighteenth century the improvement came. In 1783 a man named Argand, a Swiss physician residing in London, invented a lamp that was far better than any that had ever been made before. What did Argand do for the lamp? Examine an ordinary lamp in which coal-oil is burned. The chimney protects the flame from sudden gusts of wind and also creates a draft of air,* just as the fire-chimney creates a draft. Argand's lamp was the first to have a chimney. Look below the chimney and you will see open passages through which air may pass upward and find its way to the wick. Notice further that as this draft of air passes upward it is so directed that when the lamp is burning an extra quantity of air plays directly upon the



AN ARGAND LAMP.

wick. Before Argand, the wick received no supply of air. Now notice—and this is very important—that the wick of our modern lamp is flat or circular, but thin. The air in abundance plays upon both sides of the thin wick, and burns it without making smoke. Smoke is simply half-burned particles (soot) of a burning substance. The particles pass off half burned because enough air

has not been supplied. Now Argand, by making the wick thin and by causing plenty of air to rush into the flame, caused all the wick to be burned and thereby caused it to burn with a white flame.

After the invention of Argand, the art of lamp-making improved by leaps and by bounds. More progress was made in twenty years after 1783 than had been made in twenty centuries before. New burners were invented, new and better oils were used, and better wicks made. But all the new kinds of lamps were patterned after the Argand. The lamp you use at home may not be a real Argand, but it is doubtless made according to the principles of the lamp invented by the Swiss physician in 1783.

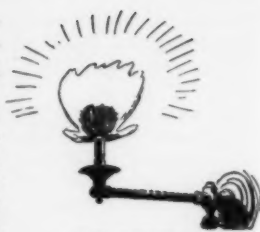
Soon after Argand invented his lamp, William Murdock, a Scottish inventor, showed the world a new way of lighting a house. It had long been known that fat or coal, when heated, gives off a vapor or gas which burns with a bright light. Indeed, it is *always* a gas that burns, and not a hard substance. In the candle or in the lamp the flame heats the



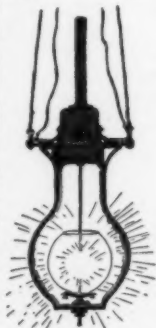
THE CANDLE.

oil which comes up to it through the wick and thus causes the oil to give off a gas. It is this gas that burns and gives the light. Now Murdock, in 1797, put this principle to a good use. He heated coal in a large vessel, and allowed the gas which was driven off to pass through mains and tubes to different parts of his house. Whenever he wanted a light he let the gas escape at the end of the tube in a small jet and lighted it. Here was a lamp without a wick. Murdock soon extended his gas-pipes to his factories, and lighted them with gas. As soon as it was learned how to make gas cheaply, and conduct it safely from house to house, whole cities were rescued from darkness by the new illuminant. A con-

tinued to do service, but it was not improved. The eighteenth century had nearly passed, and the lamp was still the unsatisfactory, disagreeable thing it had always been. Late in the eighteenth century the improvement came. In 1783 a man named Argand, a Swiss physician residing in London, invented a lamp that was far better than any that had ever been made before. What did Argand do for the lamp? Examine an ordinary lamp in which coal-oil is burned. The chimney protects the flame from sudden gusts of wind and also creates a draft of air,* just as the fire-chimney creates a draft. Argand's lamp was the first to have a chimney. Look below the chimney and you will see open passages through which air may pass upward and find its way to the wick. Notice further that as this draft of air passes upward it is so directed that when the lamp is burning an extra quantity of air plays directly upon the



THE GAS JET.



AN EARLY ARC LAMP.

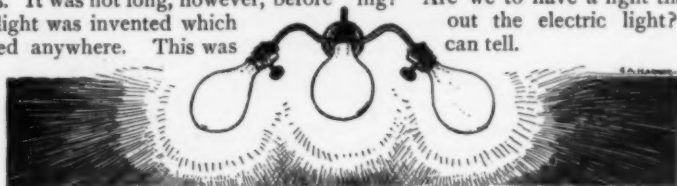
* Light a short piece of candle and place it in a tumbler, and cover the top of the tumbler. The experiment teaches that a flame must have a constant supply of fresh air and will go out if the air is shut off.

siderable part of London was lighted by gas in 1815. Baltimore was the first city in the United States to be lighted by gas. This was in 1821.

The gas-light proved to be so much better than even the best of lamps, that in towns and cities almost everybody who could afford to do so laid aside the old wick-lamp and burned gas. About 1876, however, a new kind of light began to appear. This was the *electric* light. The powerful *arc*-light, made by the passage of a current of electricity between two carbon points, was the first to be invented. This gave as much light as a hundred gas-jets or several hundred lamps. Such a light was excellent for lighting streets, but its painful glare and its sputtering rendered it unfit for use within doors. It was not long, however, before an electric light was invented which could be used anywhere. This was

the famous Edison's *incandescent* or glow lamp, which we see on every hand. Edison's invention is only a few years old, yet there are already more than twenty million incandescent lamps in use in the United States alone.

The torch, the candle, the lamp, the gas-light, the electric light,—these are the steps of the development of the lamp. And how marvelous a growth it is! How great the triumph over darkness! In the beginning a piece of wood burns with a dull flame, and fills the dingy wigwam or cave with soot and smoke; now, at the pressure of a button, the house is filled with a light that rivals the light of day, with not a particle of smoke or soot or harmful gas. Are there to be further triumphs in the art of lighting? Are we to have a light that shall drive out the electric light? Time only can tell.



A Double Surprise

By F. S.

(See Frontispiece)

THE Mother Fox dropped the fat marmot she had been carrying and barked three times,—softly. Almost instantly four young foxes, woolly, sheep-like little fellows, came tumbling out from the inner den and their mother led them into the World.

A few hundred yards below the den, a well-used deer-trail zigzagged around the hillside. To this trail the old fox made her way, the young ones romping awkwardly behind.

Where a weasel had dodged under a shelving rock the Mother Fox crouched for a moment, eager-eyed,—her family, intent on what lay beyond, pursuing their way along the trail. A little further on, the most active of the youngsters paused whining, half baffled, with his foremost feet resting on a big rock that barred his way, and, as he stood undecided, suddenly a terrifying apparition loomed up before him. Truly, a grizzly is the very image of death to smaller animals and to the tiny fox-cub this one appeared

of mountainous proportions. No wonder then that he tumbled backward among his brothers and sisters with a lusty cry of fear! But on the instant, another wonderful thing happened, when the Mother Fox came bounding along the path, and with no thought for herself leaped between this mighty creature and her young—the hair on her back bristling thickly, her fangs turned against the ponderous animal that could, had he so desired, have crushed her with a touch. And why he did not do so,—who can tell? Perhaps he was gorged with eating, or possibly, he was even startled for the moment and so allowed them to escape.

The fact remains that the Indian youth who viewed this little drama from a distance, saw the Mother Fox lead her family back to the home-den in safety. There, in a very short time they were growling baby growls and over the body of a young jack rabbit, who, poor fellow, had no mother to watch over him.

Mother Goose Continued

By Anna Marion Smith



"Sing a song o' sixpence
Pocket full of rye;
Four-and- twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing
Was not this a dainty dish
To set before the King?"

The King was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes
When along came a blackbird
And nipped off her
nose."



Sing a song o' sixpence
A pocket full of rye;
I know another blackbird
Baked in a pie.
The maid it was who baked it
With all her might and main,
Resolved there 'd be one
blackbird
That should n't nip again.



"I love little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.
I'll sit by the fire, and give her some food,
And pussy will love me because I am good."

I never will dress her again, that is sure.
Her scratches, you see, are not easy to cure.
And I find that it takes much more time than
you 'd guess,
To sew up the rents in my dolly's best dress.

I 'd give a good deal, if it was n't for that,
To see how she 'd look in my dolly's new hat.
But no, I 'll not try it, you never can tell;
And politeness is best till one's scratches get
well.



I had a little husband
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bled him drum
I bought a little handkerchief
To wipe his little nose,
And a pair of little garters
To tie his little hose.



I bought a little carriage
And took him out toride,
And yet with all my efforts
He was n't satisfied.
I never would have married,
Now this I do declare,—
If I'd supposed a hus-
band
Was such an awful care.



here was a man in our town

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again."

This clever man then hastened on
And bought a pair of shears,
But when he tried to cut with them,
He snipped off both his ears.
And when he heard his ears were off,
('T was told him o'er and o'er),
He seized the shears and snipped them
back

As they had been before.

"Because," said he, "wise men like me,
Who travel round about,
And keep their eyes, and use them well,
May find some people out.
And if they also use their ears,
And hark what hearsay brings,
They're likewise pretty sure to hear
Some very funny things."



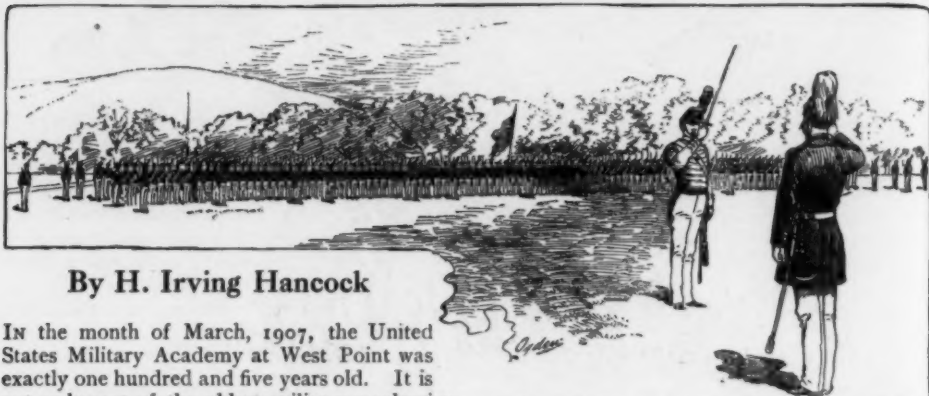
SEE SAW, SACARADOWN

"See saw, sacaradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down.
That is the way to Boston town."

See saw, steady and slow!
Other places there are, I know,
But they are not worth the trouble to go,
For Boston people have told me so.



Our Hundred-Year-Old Military Academy



By H. Irving Hancock

IN the month of March, 1907, the United States Military Academy at West Point was exactly one hundred and five years old. It is not only one of the oldest military academies in the world, but is admittedly the best, its graduates reaching a higher degree of efficiency during the four years' course than is attained anywhere else.

To George Washington must be given the credit of causing the first steps to be taken toward the founding of a national military academy. In 1794, while serving his second term as President, Washington succeeded in having Congress create the grade of cadet in the army. West Point was chosen as the best army post at which cadets could be trained, for the reason that it was then the most important station of the artillerists and engineers. The cadets of those days did not pass entrance examinations, and the standard of proficiency in studies did not amount to the tenth part of what is exacted nowadays. A smattering of engineering, mathematics, and artillery practice was all that was deemed necessary.

On March 16, 1802, an act of Congress was approved that provided for an actual national military academy. By virtue of that act, five officers were detailed for instruction, and ten cadets were appointed. On July 4 of the same year the academic term began. Other acts of Congress, in 1803 and again five years later, increased the number of students to nearly two hundred. Yet very few cadets were appointed, no especial provision was made for their housing, and those who did attend had great difficulty in securing adequate means of study or livelihood. And bad as this start was, matters became rapidly worse.

Then came the reaction caused by the alarm of finding ourselves a second time at war with the mother-country. Congress hastily reorgan-

DRESS PARADE. "SIR, THE PARADE IS FORMED."

ized the academy, and provided for the appointment, maintenance, instruction, and pay of a corps of two hundred and fifty cadets. Many additional courses of study were ordered, and more strict requirements were prescribed for young men who wished to graduate into the army. But Major Sylvanus Thayer who became superintendent in 1817 was the first chief of the academy to insist upon a wide knowledge of mathematics as being absolutely necessary to the making of a capable young officer.

Beginning with the sway of Major Thayer, the general system of the studies and training of the cadet were much as they are to this day. About the only changes that have been made in the courses of study are those required by advances in the art of war and the general knowledge that is required of an officer. In the first place, an officer must be a man of alert mind. He must be able to see things accurately, to form his judgment at once, and to act with precision and safety. It is for this reason that the study of mathematics has always been insisted upon as the most important feature of the course at West Point; for the training that comes from a thorough study of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry is believed to provide the surest route to quick brain action.

To-day the law provides for five hundred and eleven cadets: one to be appointed from each congressional district, one from the District of Columbia and from each Territory, two "at large" from each State, and thirty to be appointed "at large" by the President. The senators are allowed to nominate the two

"at large" candidates from each State. Each cadet is expected to serve four years at the academy, although some of them, on account of deficiency in one study or another, are turned back for one year. A congressman may appoint only when a vacancy exists from his district.

The young candidate who passes the best mental examination in reading, writing, and spelling, arithmetic, algebra, English grammar, composition and literature, geography, ordinary history and physiology and hygiene, then receives the nomination, provided his physical examination shows him to be in sound health. Appointments are generally made a year ahead of the time of admission to the academy. After the nomination is made the candidate is allowed to go before an army examining board as near as possible to his home.

In nearly every case the boy who wishes to go to West Point must put in a year or two of especially strenuous study in order to be able to pass the entrance examination. That is nothing compared with what is before him in case he succeeds in entering the academy. West Point is the worst possible place for a lazy or stupid boy. He is aroused at six o'clock in the morning, has a stated number of minutes in which to wash and dress himself, a few more minutes in which to aid his room-mate in setting the little apartment to rights.

Let the boy who wishes to go to West Point gaze around his room at home and see how it looks. Then let him understand that at the academy a scrap of paper on the floor, or any other untidiness, will bring about a punishment that affects his standing in his class. As quickly as he can possibly get his room tidy, the bugle sounds to call him to breakfast. That over, he marches to recitation. The schoolmasters at West Point, who are all army officers, are looked upon as being the most strict in the country. No cadet is allowed to make the excuse that he has not been able to prepare his lesson. He must be prepared for all that his instructors require of him. Nor can he hope to escape unnoticed, for each class is divided into sections of about eight young men each, and the recitations last from an hour to an hour and a half each. Between 8 A.M. and 1 P.M. the time is evenly divided between study and recitation.

At one o'clock the battalion of cadets marches to the mess-hall for dinner, after which a few minutes are allowed for "recreation." At two o'clock studies and recitations are resumed until four o'clock. This is followed by

an hour and twenty minutes of drill, after which comes dress-parade. Soon after this is finished, at six-thirty, the young men march to supper. From seven to ten they spend the time in their rooms in cadet barracks at hard study. At ten o'clock "taps" sounds, and immediately every young man must have his lights out and be in bed. During the twenty-four hours he has eight hours of sleep, with sixteen hours of study, recitation, drill, the time allowed for meals, and eighty minutes devoted to "recreation." A boy who likes ease and indolent comfort would do better to stay away from West Point. Soldiers who can endure hard mental and bodily work are wanted there.

When Saturday comes around the cadet has his afternoon and evening to devote to his own pleasure, unless he is backward in his studies or has broken some of the regulations. In the former case he spends his afternoon and evening with his books. If he has been found guilty of a breach of discipline he is likely to have to spend his afternoon walking across the quadrangle inside of "barracks" in full uniform and with rifle and bayonet. During twenty-four hours a day, for seven days in the week, he must eat, walk, study, recite, and in fact do everything, according to inflexible rules. He must observe every regulation, be punctual to the minute in every duty, and obey every order given him by an officer. There is no favoritism shown, whether the young man be the son of a millionaire or of a day-laborer.

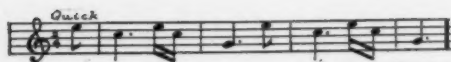
The course of study is indeed severe; but at the same time the physical well-being is guarded. Between gymnasium work, drills, marches, and absolutely regular hours of sleep, the cadet is a hard-worked but healthy young man.

From the 1st of June to the 1st of September the cadets go into camp. During this period text-books are dropped, and the work bears directly upon drill and tactics. The life now is all out of doors, but the young men are required to rise a half-hour earlier than when in barracks. Cadets who have spent two years at the academy are allowed a two months' furlough for a home visit.

Life at West Point is made up of an abundance of hard work and very little play; but this is the sort of life that develops the man who can endure the hard, exhausting, nerve-racking and body-wrecking strain of a campaign in the field. Such men were Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Robert E. Lee, and "Stonewall" Jackson—all distinguished West Point cadets.

How a Cadet Learns to Shoot

Written by Lieut. Henry J. Reilly, U. S. A., while a Cadet at West Point



COMMENCE FIRING.

A CADET has his first full course of target practice in his "yearling" camp, that is, during his second summer at the Academy, when, having been at West Point a year, he no longer is a "plebe" but at last an upper classman. This course is one in rifle practice,—pistol and artillery practice coming later. It is true that in his plebe year he has sighting and aiming drills, also gallery practice and firing at two and three hundred yards on the range; but all this is to prepare him for the real work, which, as said before, comes in his "yearling" camp.

RIFLE PRACTICE.

To start out with there are four kinds of fire; slow, timed, rapid and skirmish. In the first you have one minute per shot at a bull's-eye target, that is a target with a black bull's-eye in the middle and two rings around it, a hit in the bull's-eye counting five, one inside the first ring four, inside the second three, and anywhere else on the target two—of course a miss counts zero. There are three sizes of these targets, the smallest being used at two and three hundred, the medium at five and six hundred and the largest at eight hundred and a thousand yards. In the pic-



SKIRMISH FIRING AT 200 YARDS.

ture of a cadet marking a target you may see what the smallest looks like, the others are not much larger. In timed fire you fire at the

same targets as in slow fire, except that you are given thirty seconds in which to fire five shots. In rapid fire you have twenty seconds in which to fire five shots, and for every cartridge of the five not fired five is subtracted from your score. The target is a black life-sized figure of a man kneeling; it pops up from behind the butts, stays up twenty seconds and pops down again just like a man jumping up from behind a log and back again. The last kind of fire, the skirmish, is the most exciting of all, because more like a real fight, and every



BEHIND THE "BUTTS." A CADET MARKING A TARGET.

one must be equipped in heavy marching order, *i.e.*, with blanket-roll, haversack and canteen, besides rifle and ammunition. As you run down the plain, stopping now and then to fire at those black figures, way down at the other end, it is easy to imagine that they are Moros or Indians; and some mornings when it has rained the night before and there are little ponds all over the flats, you can imagine that you are with the "Ninth" at Tientsin and that they are Chinese. In this fire each man has two targets, one the life-size figure of a man kneeling, a hit on which counts four, the

other of a man lying down, and hitting this target counts five, as it is, of course, a more difficult shot than the other.

In this fire you are allowed thirty seconds at all ranges except two hundred, where you



SKIRMISH FIRING AT 400 YARDS.

can have but twenty. You are in skirmish line, and run the last half of each advance, lying, sitting or kneeling at each range, as suits you best, firing two shots at six and five hundred yards; three at four hundred and three hundred and fifty; and five each at three and two hundred. The reason you must know how to shoot so rapidly at these short ranges is because you are so near the enemy now, that if you don't kill a lot of them before they kill you, you will have no one left to charge with and your attack will be a failure.

The firing is divided into three courses, "Marksman's," "Sharpshooter's," and "Expert Rifleman's." You have to qualify in the lowest of these before you can take the next, and qualifying is not easy. A cadet first takes what is called instruction practice, firing ten shots, slow fire, standing, at two hundred; five kneeling and five sitting, at three hundred; and ten, lying, at five and at six hundred yards. He fires the same number in the same positions, rapid fire at two and three hundred yards. He then has two skirmish runs. When he has finished all this he fires his record course, which is the same as the instruction. If he makes 60 per cent. of the possible total he becomes a marksman and takes the sharpshooter's course, which is ten, lying, at eight hundred and ten at a thousand and ten rapid fire at five hundred. If he makes 60 per cent. of the possible total on this, he becomes a sharpshooter, and takes the expert rifleman's

course in which he fires ten shots at two, three, and six hundred, five slow fire and five timed fire, and ten shots slow fire at a thousand yards. He also has one skirmish run. To qualify he has to make 68 per cent. One summer four first-classmen qualified as sharpshooters and were decorated before the whole battalion drawn up under arms, in full dress, at a monthly inspection and muster.

The targets are marked by cadets behind the butts, who put up a white disk for a five, a red for a four, white with a black cross for a three, black for a two and a red flag for a miss. A cadet is very fond of the white and naturally dreads the black.

As the cadets who mark the targets sit in the pit and hear the bullets strike the wooden *butts* and the rocks above them and see the splinters of wood and rock fly and the branches and leaves of trees drop, they sometimes wonder how they would feel if they were out there, exposed to that fire; and they hope that when the day comes on which they hear "Commence firing" in earnest it may thrill them as it does now on the target range and during manœuvres.

At the end of his second year the cadet goes on his one and only furlough, so there is no target practice for him this year, but the summer after, when he is a first-classman, he not only goes all through the rifle courses again but also has pistol practice and practice with the field guns.

PISTOL PRACTICE.

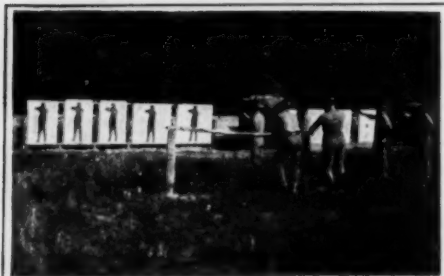
First he has pistol practice, dismounted, firing ten shots at fifteen, twenty-five and fifty



RAPID FIRE DISMOUNTED PISTOL PRACTICE.

yards without time limit, and then the same with a time limit of thirty seconds for each

five shots. All this at a bull's-eye target. Next he fires at fifteen and twenty-five yards, ten shots at each, in bunches of five, with ten seconds allowance for each five; this at a



RAPID FIRE REVOLVER PRACTICE AT 25 YARDS.

life-size standing figure so arranged that it faces him during the ten seconds only. Quite a number of men make fifty out of fifty at rapid fire at fifteen yards. That is if you were standing in front of them at fifteen or twenty yards they would put five holes in you in generally quite a little less than ten seconds. The record practice, dismounted, is just the same, with the exceptions that there is no fire without time limit and no timed fire at fifteen yards.

Next comes the mounted pistol practice, both harder and more exciting than that on foot; harder because while the target for the first part of the practice is the same size as before, the cadet is mounted on a galloping



MOUNTED REVOLVER PRACTICE.

horse; more exciting, as anything on horse-back is, because there is more dash to it. The targets, five in number, are set up in line at intervals of twenty yards. The cadet mounted and armed with a revolver rides at a gallop down the front of the targets firing once at each of them. This is called a run and there

are thirteen to be made altogether. The first five are instruction practice and are made at a distance of five yards, first with the target on the right, then on the left, then the right front, left front and lastly the right rear, that is, he has to turn in his saddle and fire towards his right and rear.

The remaining eight runs constitute record practice. For the first five the targets are in the same positions as for the five instruction runs, but at a distance of ten yards. The targets used in all runs mentioned so far, are



LUNCH TIME—ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

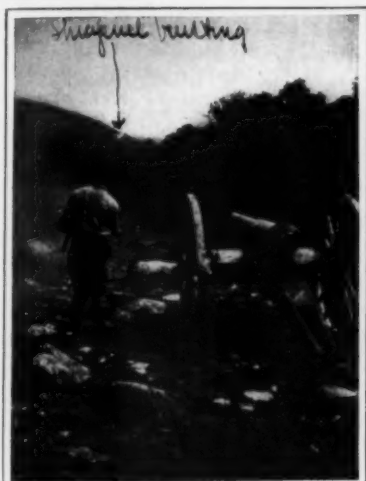
life-size figures of an infantryman standing, and are made of steel frames covered with paper. A hit above the waist counts two, below, one. For the eleventh and twelfth runs the targets are life-size figures of a cavalryman mounted, and are fired at at a distance of fifteen yards, for one run on the right and for the other on the left. For the thirteenth and last run the same kind of



"LOAD!"

targets are used as in the eleventh and twelfth, but two only, instead of five. They are placed in line, forty yards apart. The cadet rides down the line at a distance of

fifteen yards firing five shots at the two targets, distributing them as he pleases, but has to fire within a distance commencing with



WATCHING THE SHRAPNEL BURSTING.

a point twenty yards before the first target is reached and ending twenty yards beyond the second.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

For four days in August the first-classman has target practice with the 3.0-inch fieldpiece. At seven o'clock the battery starts out with cadets acting as everything except captain. They have had lots of drill both as drivers and cannoneers, so all know what to do. The battery winds its way up the pass leading to Cornwall, a historic town burnt by the British during the Revolution, and, when several miles out, is halted. The captain shows the chiefs-of-section the ground he has picked out to go in battery on, tells them where he wants the guns, and points out the target. While the chiefs-of-section are having their guns put in position, the chief-of-caissons takes the caissons to the rear where they are out of sight. Then as the battery is to be gone all morning, the horses are unhitched and unharnessed, the harness and saddles placed in proper order on the chests and poles of the gun and caisson limbers, and the horses tied to a picket line, stretched from wheel to wheel of the caissons.

The first day, before the practice commences, the captain explains the method of finding the range, and shows the cadets how to prepare shrapnel for firing by pulling out

the safety plug and punching the time fuse. The safety plug is a plug of wire in the top of the fuse. As long as it is there, the shrapnel can't explode. The time fuse is a fuse so arranged that by punching it in one of a number of holes the shrapnel will explode a number of seconds after leaving the gun, corresponding to the hole punched.

The range is not known, so they estimate it, that is, guess at it, load a gun with shell, fix the sight at the range estimated, and fire. The shell on hitting the ground bursts, and the smoke from the burst shows where it hit. The first shot was short, so they try again, this time to make it go over, which it does. Now they know the range to be between the first two used, so it is soon found. After this shrapnel is used. This is a shell filled with powder and bullets, the bullets being so arranged that when the shrapnel explodes they spread out like water out of a watering pot, covering a space over two hundred yards long and a hundred wide for a range of 3300 yards, as the range decreases the space increases. This is kept up all morning, all taking turns at the different positions. Every once and a while some cadet gunner can't resist the temptation to set the time fuse so that the shrapnel explodes at the target, instead of in front, as it should. Of course this tears the target all to pieces, and there is a wait until a new one can be fixed. In the picture in the first column of this page you can see a shrapnel bursting in front of the target.

At about noon the firing is stopped and all go back of the line of caissons to where some

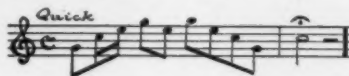


"FIRE!"

soldiers have been preparing a lunch, generally of pork and beans, bread and coffee, or something similar, (always bread and coffee however). The cadets, who have brought their haversacks and canteens with them, get in

line, meat pans in one hand, tin cup in the other, and as they go by an improvised table, generally a rock, the cooks deal out the food. When all are through, the horses are saddled and harnessed, the teams hitched in and the guns limbered, everything being done by cadets. The battery then returns to camp.

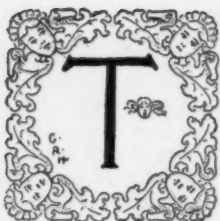
You may say: "But four days is not enough time in which to learn to shoot." No, it is not; but it gives a cadet the chance to actually do that which he will learn the following winter from a book. And then you must remember that he has many things to learn and only four years in which to learn them all.



CEASE FIRING.

By Trevi's Waters

By Georgiana Homer



HE Roman moon was at its full as a group of merry folk came from out an olden doorway and fell into file on the bordering walk.

Luggage had been labeled and strapped for the morning start, and now, true to tradition, these out-bound travelers were bent on emptying their pockets of pennies into Trevi. For the time-worn legend tells that he who loves Rome but leaves it, must make pilgrimage to the fountain of Trevi on the evening before he departs, and cast into the waiting water a coin which is supposed to guarantee that on some happy future day he will return to Rome.

Down somber streets they went where the star-shine was shut out by palaces that almost met overhead, around shadowy corners, fear-some of nights and black with history. Then into the moon-swept square and, here, on the soundless midnight, fell the clear splash of Trevi's waters.

White and serene the fountain stood like a waiting altar, and, for a moment, laughter and chatting were hushed as all gathered about the marble brim.

Then "splash! splash!" went the pennies or the "centesimi," amid much merriment.

But one there was who was far from merry—a girl in her early teens.

She had dipped into her pocket with the rest and had drawn forth a silken purse which she had forgotten to empty. A goodly sum

and the glint of gold shone through the meshes so closely clasped in her unwilling hand.

"What, all this!" and the little American tightened her hold.

The great sculptured Neptune looked down from his height at the maiden, whose up-turned face was as fair and pouting as a sea nymph's, but she felt no awe of the Sea-King's trident. She was peering into a possible future which might hold for her no enchanting Rome with its sparkling fountains where the waters always played, and where life was brimful of wonders.

Many of the visitors around her drank of the sweet water, touched by the thought that even two thousand years before, men had quenched their thirst at its generous spring. And then they threw their pennies into the great fountain.

Shutting her eyes that she might not behold the sacrifice, the young American girl threw purse and treasure into the large basin. A ripple, and it was hers no more.

The loss was nearer than the joyous return to Rome which it foretold, and the following morning, as the train carried her northward, who shall say that in the sunshine, she did not repent?

On that same morning, the dawn saw its usual eager crowd of street boys fishing away at the sacred spot for the pennies of Trevi.

One was a lad of fourteen, ragged as the rest, dark-eyed and sunny-faced—and he it was who captured the well-filled purse.

He opened it, and when there shone into

his amazed eyes the glitter of gold, he clutched his treasure and scampered away to a spot where he could safely examine this

It was a key that opened to him an unknown world and he was wild with glee. Carefully he tucked away the purse and



"CAREFULLY HE TUCKED AWAY THE PURSE AND HURRIED HOME."

marvel. The most secret of nooks it must be, or he might lose it all.

No gems of story were as dazzling as these gleaming coins, as, one by one, they rolled into his hand. Like the mythical gold of the Rhine, this heap sent its rich glow upward into the heart of the ragged boy and he sang for joy.

hurried home. For he had a home—without father, mother, brother or sister, but not lacking in affection. In this lowest story of a medieval palace lived a kindly woman who had taken the boy when he was left alone, and had found room in heart and household for one more. To this home he ran in glad haste.

By Trevi's Waters

In a sunny corner, not far from his home, sat a slender girl, dark-haired and of gentle beauty. Large dark eyes she had, too, wide open but sad, for no joy could enter them from the world without. She was blind.

"O, little sister, what thinkest thou? I have gold. Hark!" And the boy jingled it merrily.

Startled, the listener said:—"Where didst thou get it Filippino? Tell me quickly."



"OH, LITTLE SISTER," SAID FILIPPO, "I HAVE GOLD."

"In Trevi. Just think! it is ours, ours!"

"Thine, dear Filippino, for, listen, thou shouldst not part with what may help thee to skill in workmanship. So shalt thou gain more gold and become a great man."

This was a new outlook and the lad grew grave. The thought was sweet. With money earned, he could brighten life for this dear friend and beloved playmate.

Suddenly a great gladness broke over his earnest face and his eyes filled with tears, as he leaped to her side.

"Little sister, little sister, thou shalt see!

This shall buy thee back thine eyes!" The joy of the face upturned to his in its listening way made the boy's heart throb. Then with sudden sadness came the answer: "It can never be, Filippino. Only the good God can give me back my eyes."

"Yes, it can be. Here is gold, so much, a heap! It will pay the doctors who can do wonderful things; and, O little sister, when thou canst see again—" and a sob, manly and heartfelt, choked the loving words.

And so the mother found them, trembling with the new hope. The impetuous boy ran to her. "See, see how much is here! Will it not bring back her dear eyes?"

She had no thought of refusing his noble gift. From his great love had come the generous impulse and it was sacred.

The story was told, and the three sat close, while the mother's heart beat as warmly for the orphaned lad as for her own.

FILIPPO'S faith found fulfilment. Light was given back to the tender eyes by patient skill and merciful time. And when the physicians heard of the wonderful gold, they refused to take it, and said that it was clear as Trevi's own shining pool that some far-seeing lover of childhood had furnished it as the golden keystone for Filippino's own fortune.

All this made a pretty story to be told and re-told in Rome, and it lingered as a twilight tale for travelers.

And in a far-after time the American girl who had paid such heavy toll to Trevi, stood again by its waters.

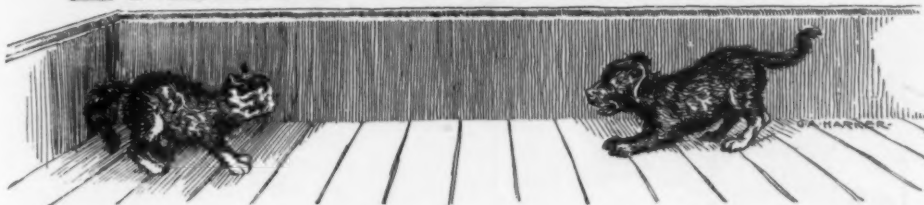
They rippled in the breeze and their sun-laden laughter seemed the liquid glint of her golden coins rising to welcome her back to Rome.

She smiled at the fancy. But was it not, indeed, the gladsome spirit of the gold that danced before her in the dawn, rejoicing that love had widened its ways into such far-faring beneficence.

It was the hour of morning devotion, and, even as she stood there, a whispered blessing bound her to two who knelt together in grateful happiness before their humble household shrine.

And above them hung an empty silken purse, which she recognized as the one she had thrown into the fountain. But she did not know that its meshes were heavy with prayers purer than any gold.

~MISCHIEF~



By Rosamond Upham.

MISCHIEF was a cunning little fellow from the very first day that I saw him. Such a round, plump little body, such short, clumsy legs, and such a roguish face; just the one of all his nine brothers and sisters about whom to write a story, and so you shall hear of his preparations for the long journey upon which he went when he was two months old.

His playmates were sent away, one by one, until at last he was left all alone, with only the mastiff Rex for a companion, and a most forlorn little pup he was, running about all day long, trying to keep up with his new protector.

One morning in January, the weather being very severe, Mischief was taken into the kitchen to live, and a happier dog than he could not be imagined, trotting about after the cook and housemaid from morning until

And of course, Mischief knew about it. How could he help it, when the whole household were so sorry to have him go? And accord-



night, chasing the cats, stealing towels and brushes—in fact, attending to all the mischief that came in his way.

One day, about two weeks after he came into the house to live, a letter came from Milwaukee saying that he, too, must be sent off.

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ingly he began to make ready for the long journey he was so soon to take.

As he sat by the range, evidently trying to make up his mind what to take with him, his first thought was of the old coat he had had as a bed; so he crossed the room, took the coat

Mischief

in his mouth, and with his paws scratched it up into a bundle.

Then he thought of his milk-dish. Of course he must take that, for how could he drink from any other dish than the shiny one



given him by the cook two weeks before? So he took that between his teeth and put it beside the coat. And the stove-hook, why not take that? No one seemed to be using it just at the moment. And a gelatin-box that had just been emptied, would it not be nice to pack his new collar in?



So he ran tumbling across the floor for the box, and back again for the string, when just then a pair of mittens caught his eye, and in

this cold weather the mittens would be a comfort on so long a journey, so they were added to the collection under the table. And Mischief was just thinking he was about ready to start, when the very thing he most dreaded to leave behind him ran across the floor—the little yellow kitten; why could she not go with him, and then the journey would not seem so long? Accordingly, he ran after her, caught her by the neck, and tried to put her down with his other baggage; but the kitten could not understand what Mischief meant, and scratched and spit in a way that plainly said she would not accompany him.

Poor Mischief lay down in despair, and,



after his hard morning's work, took a long nap, only waking in time for his dinner. The next day he was put into a warm box, carried to the station, and after a three days' journey arrived in Milwaukee, happy, well, and delighted with his new master, apparently quite forgetting his little mistress whom he left in her New Hampshire home.



THE SMALLEST DOG IN THE WORLD



By Helene H. Boll

THE Princess Windischgratz is the granddaughter of the Emperor of Austria. When she was but about eleven years old she was known and loved as "the little Princess Elizabeth."

There lived a baker in the city of Vienna whose wife was particularly fond of the little Princess Elizabeth. This baker's wife had, in 1894, a tiny white dwarf dog given her, which was so small that, when full-grown, it could sit on a lady's hand, just as you see it in the picture. So small a dog had never been seen before, and people often came to the house on purpose to look at it.

It was Christmas eve. The baker's wife dressed herself in her Sunday best, put the dog in a basket lined with pink satin, and went to the palace where Elizabeth lived. No stranger was allowed to go into the palace ex-

cept by permission. She showed the dog to the guards, and they were so delighted with it that they managed to get her into the palace, and when once in, it was not very difficult to obtain permission from the court authorities to see Princess Stephanie, the mother of the little Princess Elizabeth.

"Your Royal Highness," said the baker's wife, "I hope that you will allow me to present a little gift to your daughter this Christmas eve"; and then she uncovered the basket with the tiny white dog in it.

Was n't the Princess Stephanie delighted with it? And of course the little Princess Elizabeth was. She loved it more than any of the rich gifts which she received for Christmas. The dog remained very small and never grew to be more than five inches high.

Talks with Nature

By Nixon Waterman

"I think you 're quite funny," I said
To the River. "For while you 've a bed
You 're awake night and day,
And run on, yet you stay;
And your mouth is so far from your head."

I said to the Hill: "I 'll allow
You have a most wonderful brow,
But you 've such a big foot
That you never can put
On a shoe of the style they use now."

I said to the Tree: "You are queer;
Your trunk is all packed but I fear
You can't leave until spring
When—a curious thing!—
You must still remain standing right here."

To a green red Blackberry I said:
"I know you are green when you 're red
And you 're red when you 're green,
But to say what I mean
Is enough to befuddle one's head."

Short Cuts to the History Lesson

THREE TIMES THREE BROTHERS ON THE FRENCH THRONE.

BY ELIZABETH F. PARKER.

WHEN I was at school, my teacher, who was quite a remarkable historian, called my attention to a somewhat curious coincidence in the history of France, which was of much assistance to me afterward in placing various personages and events. Perhaps the boys and girls of the present day have already made this discovery, but lest they have not, I am going to tell them what my teacher told me.

It is simply this: That since France became a kingdom by itself, under Hugh Capet, three brothers have ruled in succession at three different times, and after each of these groups of royal brothers a family with a new name has come upon the throne.

The first time this trio of brothers occurred was in 1314, when, at the death of Philip IV, called "le Bel," his son Louis X became king. In two years he was followed by his brother Philip V, who reigned but six years, and then came the third brother, Charles IV.

The three were the last of the direct Capet line, and were succeeded by the first *Valois* king, their cousin, Philip VI.

The next group of three brothers ended the reign of the Valois family. They were the sons of Henry II, who died in 1559, and their mother was Queen Catharine de Medici. The first was Francis II, who was king only a year, and who is remembered more because he was the first husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, than for any other reason. The second was Charles IX. These two brothers had both been very young, boys of fifteen and ten, when they were made kings. The third, Henry III, had grown up before his turn came, but he was killed by Jacques Clément, a monk, in 1589, and Henry of Navarre, the first *Bourbon* king, came to the throne under the title of Henry IV.

The three brothers came again after nearly two hundred years, when in 1774 Louis XV died, leaving three grandsons. The first of these to rule was the unfortunate Louis XVI. You all know of his queen, Marie Antoinette, and how he and his wife were both beheaded, and their poor little son, the Dauphin, who would have been Louis XVII had he come to the throne, died of hard treatment in prison, and the two brothers, who were to be kings later, had to keep away in exile. It was a long time,

and they were old men before they were crowned, because France went through many changes first as a republic and then under the Directory, then under Napoleon Bonaparte as First Consul, and afterward Emperor. But the Battle of Waterloo was fought and Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, and the two remaining Bourbon brothers, first Louis XVIII and then Charles X had their short reigns. And so ended the straight line of Bourbons, for after them came Louis Philippe of the house of *Orleans*, who no longer called himself King of France, but "King of the French."

So here we have: THE THREE CAPET BROTHERS:

1314.	Louis X
1316.	Philip V
1322.	Charles IV

followed by the House of Valois.

After a little more than two hundred years come THE THREE VALOIS BROTHERS:

1559.	Francis II
1560.	Charles IX
1574.	Henry III

followed by the House of Bourbon.

Then after a little less than two hundred years more come THE THREE BOURBON BROTHERS:

1774.	Louis XVI
1814.	Louis XVIII
1824.	Charles X

followed by the Orleans family, and soon after by another republic and the Second Empire.

Curiously enough there has been one similar instance in English history, when Henry VIII died, and his son, Edward VI, became king in 1547. He was succeeded by his two sisters and they were the last of the House of Tudor

1547.	Edward VI
1553.	Mary
1558.	Elizabeth

followed by the House of Stuart. James I, who was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, was the first Stuart king.

THE EASY "E'S."

BY TUDOR JENKS.

"The trouble is," said Marian, "that there are so many Edwards and Henrys! Those old kings and queens of England went right on naming their boys 'Edward,' or 'Henry,' as if there was n't another name to be had."

"Why need that trouble you?" her father asked, with a smile.

"Because we have our English History examination soon, and I am trying to learn the order of the kings and queens," Marian answered. "I get the Edwards and Henrys all in a jumble."

"How about the memory rhymes?"

"I can't keep them clear in my mind," said Marian. "That 'First William the Norman' is very good, I think, except that the lines just after the first two are easily confused."

Her father put down his newspaper, and reached out his hand. "Give me your book," said he, "and some paper and a pencil. I'll see whether I can't make up something you can remember. Meanwhile, go on with another lesson."

He went into the library, and Marian went to work upon her algebra.

She had finished her algebra and written quite a long composition when her father returned, bringing a large sheet of paper upon which appeared the following diagram:

THE EASY "E'S."

W	W	H	S	.	H	R	J	H
E	E	E	R	.	H	H	H	.
E	E	E	R	.	H	H		
	E	M	E	.				
J	C	⊙	C	J				
	W	+	M					
	W							
	A	.						
G	G	G	G					
W	V	E						

"There!" said her father, smiling. "If your memory is as good as mine, you can learn that in a few minutes, and then you will know the order of the kings and queens of old England in their order without difficulty."

"But I don't quite understand it," said Marian, puzzled.

"It is only the initials of their names," said her father, "but they are arranged so that you can't easily forget them—especially the Edwards and Henrys. See, it goes like this: 'William, William, Henry, Stephen.' Then there is a period—meaning the end of the Norman kings. Then come the Plantagenets—Henry, Richard, John, Henry; and now come the next four Plantagenets, Edward, Edward, Edward, Richard—"

"Oh, I see," said Marian, suddenly. "The E's come 3, 2, 1, at the beginning of each of the next three lines. That's why you have called it 'The Easy E's.'"

"Yes," said her father, "and the Henrys just balance them on the other side of the two Richards. Do you see? You will find it easy to learn and to remember."

Marian studied the diagram for a few minutes, and found no difficulty in memorizing it. The Stuarts were especially easy because of the three C's—for Charles, Cromwell, Charles—coming between the two J's; and the royal houses in the diagram ended so conveniently that she found the grouping of the kings and queens at once suggested by the arrangement of the letters.

Marian passed her examination with ease, and afterward told her teacher about the diagram; whereupon the teacher had a large drawing made of it, with certain symbols added in outline to suggest something important connected with each reign. This was hung upon the school-room wall, and became a useful help in remembering English history. The teacher had some dignified name for it—but Marian always called it "The Easy E's."

A LIST OF THE ENGLISH RULERS REFERRED TO IN THE DIAGRAM.

William I (the Conqueror); William II (Rufus); Henry I; Stephen; Henry II; Richard I; John; Henry III; Edward I; Edward II; Edward III; Richard II. (End of the Plantagenets). Henry IV; Henry V; Henry VI; Edward IV; Edward V; Richard III. (End of the House of York). Henry VII; Henry VIII; Edward VI; Mary I; Elizabeth. (End of the House of Tudor). James I; Charles I; Cromwells (Oliver and Richard) Charles II; James II; William III and Mary II; William (alone); Anne. (End of the Stuarts and the beginning of the House of Hanover). George I; George II; George III; George IV; William IV; Victoria; Edward VII.

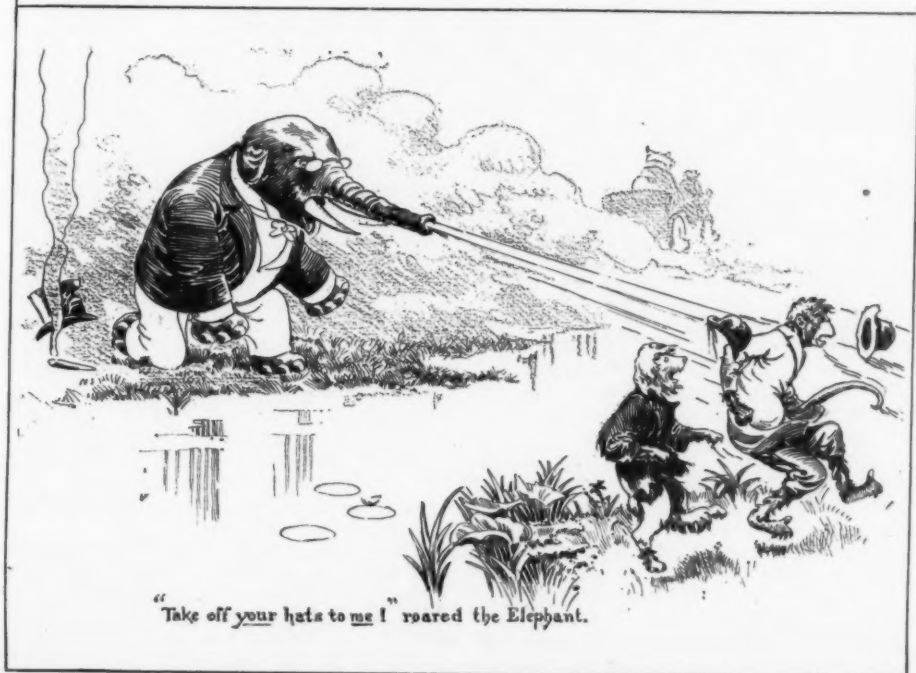
Politeness in Jungleville.

Drawn by I.W. Gaber.





"Wonder if he's coming across!"



"Take off your hats to me!" roared the Elephant.

Queer Fuel

By Crittenden Marriott

How many people, I wonder, ever pause to consider that their bodies are merely machines to do work, furnaces in which necessary fuel is burned, workshops in which worn-out parts are supplied, and store rooms in which fuel and food are laid away for use when needed. Further, like any other piece of apparatus the body works better under certain circumstances: its fires burn better with fuels of certain sorts, mixed in certain proportions and it cannot keep in perfect condition unless furnished with proper materials.

Man thinks he eats because he is hungry; he really eats because his body is crying out for building materials with which to repair the waste that is always going on, and for fuel to keep itself warm—and it is rather “finicky” as to the supply it wants for each of these purposes. At a pinch, it can use almost anything digestible for either, but it groans and complains, and punishes its unfortunate possessor if it is not properly treated.

What the body considers proper treatment is not always that which the palate or the sense of taste considers such. In fact, the palate is the spoiled child of the house; he is always demanding things that are not good for him, and like other spoiled children, the more he is indulged, the more he demands. Sometimes he can make things very unpleasant, for he may refuse to permit any food to pass the portal where he stands on guard, and hence may bring the whole machinery to a standstill. As a rule, however, if treated firmly, he will give in and work for the good of all.

“Savoury” food pleases the palate and causes a greater flow of the various juices and ferments and so promotes digestion. It is therefore a good thing within proper limits, but what the body really needs is “protein” and heat.

“Protein” is a word with which few of us are familiar; we are familiar enough with the thing, however, and it is really impossible to talk about these matters without using one or two scientific words. The lean of meat, the white of eggs, the gluten of wheat are all mostly protein, and we all know how necessary a supply of one or more of these, or of similar things, is to us, if we do not wish to suffer from hunger or from need of nourishment.

While protein can be used for heating, if necessary, its natural use is for repairing purposes, and for this end the body needs one-fourth of a pound a day. Different amounts

are required for old and for young, for men and for women, for those living in cold and for those living in hot climates, for laborers and for clerks, but $\frac{1}{4}$ pound is the right amount for a full-grown man living in a temperate climate and doing moderately active work.

So much for repairing; now for heat. The body, one will say, needs a definite amount of this too. Scientific men have ascertained through countless experiments, the amount necessary for the average man and have found that it is equal to 3,050 “calories” of heat. (Dear me, there goes another unusual word!) A “calorie” is the amount of heat that will raise the temperature of about one pound of water four degrees Fahrenheit. Sugar, starch, and fats are ideal fuels, though protein will burn well, if necessary. Nothing, however, will take the place of protein as a rebuilding material.

What the body needs, then, is a daily supply of one-fourth of a pound of protein and enough sugar, starch, and fat to supply it with 3,050 calories of heat. This is an average for the year, of course. In our climate, the ration, especially the fuel ration, should be varied with the seasons.

True, certain other elements also are needed by the body, but they are required in very minute quantities, and are so widely distributed in nature, that their supply is always assured. On the other hand, any food which supplies protein and fuel in different proportions than these, is not perfect; if it supplies too much heat to the right amount of protein, it is wasteful, if nothing worse; if it supplies too much protein to too little heat, it compels the body to use some of the protein for fuel, which throws an undue strain on the digestion and will probably result in disease sooner or later.

As most of us know, the price of food has little relation to its value to our bodies, however much it may have to our taste. The larger part of the price of the costlier foods is due to their fine appearance, or their pleasant flavor, or their rarity. Tenderloin of beef is less nutritious than shoulder, but it costs more, as you will find out if you go to buy it; and so with many other articles.

Then again, some foods are more digestible than others, as we have all proved again and again, generally when we have eaten something particularly nice. We live, of course, not on what we eat but on what we digest.

During the last eight or ten years, scientific

men have been hard at work finding out the facts in regard to all the commoner articles of food; and these facts have been set forth in huge tables of figures that it makes one's head ache merely to look at. They contain some interesting facts, however, if one has the patience to dig them out.

Ordinary white bread, for instance, is about one-third water, one-twelfth protein, and one-half other digestible matters. If all were used as fuel, a pound of bread would supply 1,200 calories; two and a half pounds per day will supply 3,000 calories, about the amount required. If the protein in the bread be used for its usual purpose of rebuilding, leaving the other digestible substances for fuel, three pounds of bread would furnish just a trifle more of both fuel and protein than is required in a temperate climate by a man doing moderately active muscular work. Bread alone, then, is theoretically very nearly a perfect or "balanced" diet—though three loaves a day would certainly stir that bad boy, the palate, to rebellion.

If a man lived on bread alone he would eat, in a lifetime of seventy years, about 75,000 pounds; or say, he would devour a loaf 30 feet high by 10 feet square, which would cost him about \$4,000.

But living wholly on lean meat would be a good deal worse than living wholly on bread. To do this, a man would have to eat three and one-half pounds a day to supply himself with needed food, and would not thrive then as he would on bread. One and a half pounds of meat would supply him all the protein needed, but would yield, in addition, only about one thousand calories of heat. To make up the balance, two pounds more of meat must be eaten, all of it for fuel. Meat is a very poor fuel, and to burn two pounds of it a day would throw a heavy strain on the digestion and probably lead to disease. Fancy eating three and a half pounds of meat a day!

Living on lean meat alone, a man would eat, in seventy years, an ox about thirty-five feet long, fifteen feet high and twelve feet thick, supposing it to consist of solid meat without bones. This would weigh about 90,000 pounds and cost about \$15,000.

Thus, bread alone worries the palate and is in time refused; meat alone furnishes too much

protein and not enough heat; candy, pastry, and the like supply too much heat, which must be laid away in fat in the body's storehouse or be worked off in nervous energy. No one of the three is good without the others.

On the other hand, a mixed diet makes things a great deal better all around. One pound of bread, one and one-third pounds of lean meat, and one-sixth of a pound of butter daily would supply almost the exact ideal proportions. In seventy years, this would run to 25,000 pounds of bread, 33,000 pounds of meat and 4,000 pounds of butter—62,000 pounds in all, costing, say, \$9,000.

If a man lived wholly on fish, he would require eleven pounds a day, or 275,000 pounds in a lifetime—say, a fish 70 feet long by 30 deep by 10 thick. If he lived on rice alone, he would have to eat three pounds a day, or 75,000 pounds in a lifetime—an amount which would furnish him with about 50 per cent. more heat than he had any use for. By combining fish and rice, however, as the Chinese do, in the proportion of one pound of the former and two of the latter, he could live very well. The relative cost in this country would be about \$30,000 for fish alone, and \$6,000 for rice alone. The two combined would, of course, cost much less than the fish alone.

His hardest time, however, would be when he tried to live on green vegetables or fruits alone, avoiding bread and beans, both of which play such a part in vegetarian bills of fare. Of ordinary vegetables, such as beets, cabbages, tomatoes, and the like, he would have to eat 20 pounds daily. Of fruits, he would have to eat 30 pounds daily, and even of potatoes, 15 pounds.

On the other hand, two pounds of rye bread, two pounds of potatoes, and a taste of fat, either animal or vegetable, make a very cheap, well-balanced ration, costing only about \$1,500 in a lifetime. Thousands of Russian peasants live on just such a diet.

As I said before, all these estimates are for a man doing moderately active muscular work in a temperate climate. A man doing hard muscular work requires about one-fifth more and a man in an office about one-fifth less. Boys require only one-half as much at six years of age and nine-tenths as much at sixteen. Women generally require one-fifth less than men of equal activity.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

FOURTH PAPER—THE "ALWAYS DIFFERENT" STORY

BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE

"Oh, dearie me!" said little Polly as she stood looking into the rain-soaked garden, "I wish it did n't rain, I want to play out of doors."

"When I was a little girl and there came a rainy day," said Aunt Katie, "my mother used to tell me this verse,

" 'When the rain comes tumbling down
In the country or the town,
All good little girls and boys,
Stay at home and mind their toys.' "

"But I don't want to play with my toys," said Polly.

"Neither do I," added Rob, "this is the second day it has rained and I am tired of them."

"Well, then I will read you a story if you like," replied their Aunt. "Don't you want to hear 'Alice in Wonderland'?"

"But I'm tired of it, Aunt Katie," said Polly. "I love the story, but the people in it always do the same things every time you read the book. Why do they make stories the same? I would like one that was always different. Don't they make them that way, Aunt Katie?"

"Well, well," said Aunt Katie, "you remind me of the little girl I used to be. I liked things 'different,' too, and my mother made me a story that is never the same, no matter how many times you read it. I will get it. I have it in my 'Keepsake Box.'"

Aunt Katie left the room and presently

returned with a small book of yellowish faded paper, and a little box.

"The story is called 'Fanny Frivol; Her Adventures in the Wood; At the Fair; At the School; At the Picnic; In the Meadow; By the Brook; At the Circus; In Grandfather's Barn; and At the Party.' Which adventure would you like to hear first?"

"The one by the brook," said Polly and Rob in one breath; and Polly's eyes sparkled as she added, "I love to play by the brook!"

"Very well," said Aunt Katie. "Take this box. In it you will find slips of paper on which words are printed. I will read the story and when I stop and hold up my finger you must draw a slip of paper from the box and read what it says on it; and the next time Rob will draw and read—each in turn."

This is the story that Aunt Katie read of Fanny Frivol's Adventure by the Brook, and the words in it printed in capitals are those which Polly and Rob read from the slips of paper which they drew one by one from the box:

"MAY I go and play by the brook?" said Fanny Frivol to her Grandmother.

Her Grandmother nodded her head on which was a large—GREEN BOTTLE.—

"Yes, but don't wet your feet, and take a—LONG WOODEN SWORD—to shield you from the sun."

On her way she met Tommy and Topsy

Turvey carrying a—PLATE OF CHEESE.
—When Fanny saw them she said,—

"Come and play with me by the brook. I have a—BOTTLE OF INK—to catch fish with, a—BAG OF CLOTHESPINS—to build a bridge, and we can hunt for crabs under stones."

Tommy and Fanny turned over stones, but Topsy Turvey, who always did things wrong, turned hers under. Fanny found a big—LEMON PIE—under a stone but the others found nothing.

"There are no crabs here," said Fanny; "let us fish." Tommy and Fanny threw their lines in the brook but Topsy threw hers out. Fanny caught a—DUSTING CLOTH,—but the others caught nothing.

"Let us build a bridge," said Fanny. "Tommy you bring a—DISH OF ICE CREAM—and Topsy a—YELLOW BOWL—and we shall soon have it done."

"What is that in the water?" said Tommy.

Fanny pulled it out and found it was a—SEWING MACHINE.—

"I will take it home to Grandmother," said Fanny, "and she will make me a—WINDOW CURTAIN—of it."

They were now tired and hungry and sat down to rest on a big—WHITE BEAR,—and when Fanny opened her lunch-box, out fell a—DOORBELL—and a—TIN SOLDIER—instead of the nice cakes her Grandmother had given her.

"Never mind," said Fanny, "I have some cookies in my pocket," but when she took them out she found they had changed into a—JAPANESE LANTERN.—

Just then the sun went down and they started for home, but Topsy ran backward and fell over a—FAT PIG.—

"I am so hungry I could eat a—KITCHEN TOWEL," said Fanny, but when she went to the supper table there was nothing there but a—ROLLING PIN—and a—BLACK KITTEN.—

When she went to her room she found a—BROWN TEAPOT—on her bed, and in every chair a big—RED HEN.—

"Dear me," said Fanny as she laid her tired head on a—STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE—which she found in place of her pillow. "What a funny time I have had at the brook.

When I go to the picnic to-morrow, with Tommy and Topsy Turvey, I wonder what strange things will happen there."

How Polly did laugh over Fanny Frivol's Adventure by the Brook! And they read it over again and nothing happened as it did before. Fanny pulled a MERRY-GO-ROUND out of the brook, and for their lunch they had a PAIR OF SHEARS and a WAX DOLL.

Aunt Katie explained how the story was made. Words were left out of the story and written on slips of paper and when one came to a place where a word was left out, one of the slips of paper was read. As the slips of paper were drawn without looking at them, the words read were always different or came in different places each time the story was read.

"The next rainy day," said Aunt Katie, "we will read the Adventures of Fanny in Grandfather's Barn."

Perhaps some other little Pollys and Robbies would like to read the story which is always different, so here is the list of words which these young folks found in the box, and you can print them for yourself on slips of paper. Or, better still, you can make up more amusing lists of your own.

Long Ladder. Paper of Pins. Window Curtain. Loaf of Bread. Pound of Butter. Sewing Machine. Box of Beads. Pink Shoe. Green Bottle. Paint Brush. Comb with no Teeth. Dusting Cloth. White Bear. Red Hen. Fat Pig. Plate of Cheese. Black Kitten. Basket of Apples. Letter Box. Pound of Candy. Japanese Lantern. Kitchen Towel. Rubber Ball. Croquet Set. Merry-Go-Round. Yellow Bowl. Bottle of Ink. Brown Teapot. Strawberry Shortcake. Lemon Pie. Rocking Chair. Tall Clock. Doorbell. Bag of Clothespins. Dish of Ice Cream. Rolling Pin. Baking Tin. Chicken Pie. Pepper Box. Wax Doll. Glass of Soda Water. Pair of Shears. Paint Box. Tin Soldier. Long Wooden Sword. Folding Fan. Pair of Gloves. Jumping Jack. Chocolate Cake.

When the rainy days came Polly heard about all the other Adventures of Fanny Frivol, and if you ever meet Polly she will be glad to tell them to you.

The Puzzled Thermometer

By Cornelia Walter McCleary

I live, serenely, out of doors,—
In snow, in sunshine, and in rain,—
Securely fastened up on high
Beside the blind and window-pane.

And from my little corner, I
Can look upon the world below;
At children playing in the street,
And people going to and fro.

I sometimes wish that I could rest,—
But there 's no time for *me* to shirk !

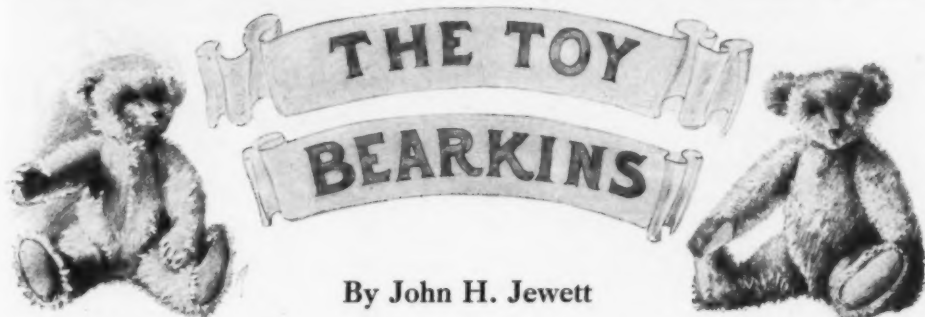
Though everyone may sleep at night,
Thermometers must keep at work.

I think that people are so queer—
For when I see them going past
In summer-time they move so slow,
And in the winter go so fast !

Pray, tell me what the reason is.
It 's not the way I act at all;
For when it 's warm I race along,
And when it 's cold I fairly crawl!



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



By John H. Jewett

THE little Toy-Bears of this story
Were orphans, and left all alone,
Without any father or mother,
Without any home of their own ;—
Not a playmate had they ever
known.

And Rogue said that he could teach
Bouncer,
The brown one, to bounce all
alone;—
Then the Story-Bird heard Boun-
cer groan.

Till a lady once found these Toy-Bearkins
Shut up in a box in a store,
And carried them home to the children,
To be little orphans no more
Each one in a box in a store.

The Bearkins were so glad and thankful
To have a good home to call theirs,
And two lively children to play with,
They almost forgot they were Bears,
And behaved more like children than
Bears.

The children were brother and sister,
Whose pet names were "Rogue" and
"Our Tot" ;
Their other names when they were
christened,
The Story-Bird may have forgot,
Or liked better, "Rogue" and "Our
Tot."

They called their pets "Bouncer" and
"Gretchen" ;
The white one, Tot claimed for her own,



"EACH ONE IN A BOX IN A STORE."

Those Bearkins were dandled and
petted
Until they forgot they were toys;
The children too, came near for-
getting
To make as much racketty-
noise,
As some of the neighborhood
boys.

And now comes the rest of the story
The Story-Bird told me one day,
Of Bearkins that played they were
children,
When the children were not
there to play,—
And Bearkins could have their
own way.



"THOSE BEARKINS WERE DANDLED AND PETTED."

The Almost Drowned Bearkins

ONE day when alone in the play-
room—
While Rogue and Our Tot were
at school,



"THEY FROLICKED AND SPLASHED IN THE
BATH TUB."

The Bearkins played going in swim-
ming
By calling the Bath-tub a pool;—
So glad *they* were not sent to
school.

They frolicked and splashed in the
Bath-tub,
And thought it great fun there, no
doubt,
Until they were soaked through and
chilly,
And then found they could not get
out,—
Their legs were too short to get out.

And while they were scrambling and
panting,
Until they both thought they were
drowned,
Their squealing was heard by the
nurse-maid,
Who ran to the bath-room and
found
Those Bearkins, so scared and
'most drowned.

The maid hung them up in the sun-
shine,

Like clothes on a clothes-line, to dry
And there they were found by the
children—

Who tried not to laugh or to cry—
At Bearkins hung up there to dry.

That evening at bed-time those Bear-
kins

Although getting dry, were still
damp,

Both outside and in, and so mussy,
They went to the kitchen to camp,
On a rug, where they made a
Bear-camp.

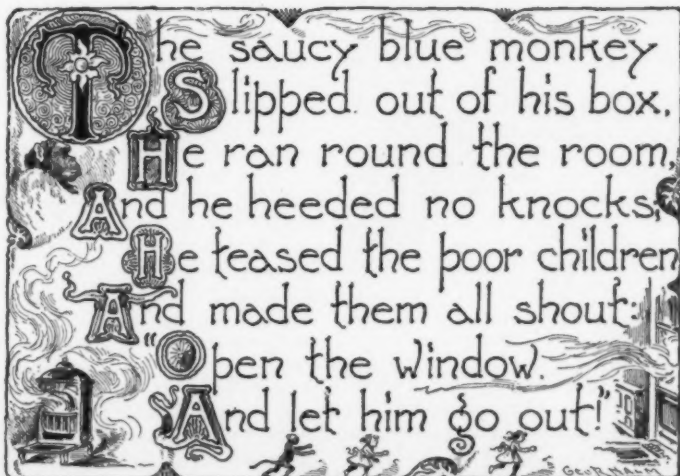
The Bearkins were dry in the morning,
And promised they 'd both keep
away

From Bath-tubs for ever and ever,
And try some new kind of a play ;—
The Bird says they did, the next
day.



"THE MAID HUNG THEM UP IN THE SUNSHINE."

A Riddle Rhyme



NATURE AND SCIENCE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by
EDWARD F. BIGELOW



THE PRAIRIE-DOGS.

"I have frequently seen such inhabitants pop out of their holes when a train, that has just passed over them, was scarcely a hundred feet away."
"These 'dogs' remind one of eastern woodchucks, but they are more social with one another, and more active."

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS OF PRAIRIE-DOGS.

In far-away Montana is one of the largest prairie-dog cities to be found in America. The inhabitants of this rodent metropolis have become so accustomed to passing trains, that they



A single woodchuck will sit on its burrow and listen, then go and feed in the grass. Several prairie-dogs will not only sit on one burrow but will play together.

sit at the mouth of their burrows, or feed quietly some distance from them, while the great iron

horses whiz past. Some have even built their homes beneath the ends of the ties and in the road-bed between the rails, and I have frequently seen such inhabitants pop out of their holes when a train, that has just passed over them, was scarcely a hundred feet away.

Nevertheless when you try to approach close to this little city, you will find the inhabitants most alert.

Lying prone on the railroad embankment I spent an afternoon watching this colony of prairie-dogs repairing the damage done to their homes by the frost of winter, and rains of early spring.

Suddenly from a burrow near by, a fountain of dirt, tiny stones and small earth-clods shot into the air. After a short pause it continued, and soon I saw a prairie-dog backing from the hole, his hind feet throwing out the dirt as though they were attached to springs.

Once outside, the dog turned and with his fore feet pushed the dirt over the ground until he had filled a little depression caused by a wash-out in the high, cone-shaped water-shed which surrounded the burrow entrance. Then, rising on his feet, he arched his back and began to hammer the dirt vigorously with his nose, reminding me of a huge four-legged woodpecker.

He repeated this act several times, but the dirt removed in cleaning the burrow was not

sufficient to complete the needed repairs, so retiring a few feet from the burrow, he loosened a quantity of earth with his fore feet. While digging, little pellets of dirt stuck to his claws, so that he was compelled frequently to stop work and bite off the particles. Then, facing the burrow, he began to throw the dirt towards it with the back of his fore feet, just as a boy would scoop sand along with his hands, but as the dirt reached the spot where it was needed, he used his nose to push it in place. The tamping process was then repeated and more dirt was added until all the damaged spots in the dike had been repaired.

The frost had loosened the inside walls of the burrow at its mouth and the dirt was gradually crumbling away, so this too had to be repaired at once. While doing so, the little workman was out of sight most of the time, but I occasionally caught a glimpse of his head bobbing back and forth as he hammered the walls hard with his nose.

It was getting late, and as I arose to leave, there was great excitement in the dog metropolis. Shrill, quick-repeated calls, which in prairie-dog language meant, "run for the house, boys, here comes a 'bogie man,'" were heard everywhere. Prairie-dogs scurried for the nearest hole and several plunged into the same burrow. Beyond the panic-stricken area, sentinels stationed on their mounds in true prairie-dog attitude, passed the danger signal to their comrades on the outskirts of the city.

I walked over to inspect the work I had been watching. The dike was rounded symmetrically and packed firm, while the inside walls were covered thick with tiny nose-prints, little indentations that looked as though a boy had carefully kneaded the earth with his knuckles.

J. ALDEN LORING.

THE PORCUPINE FISH.

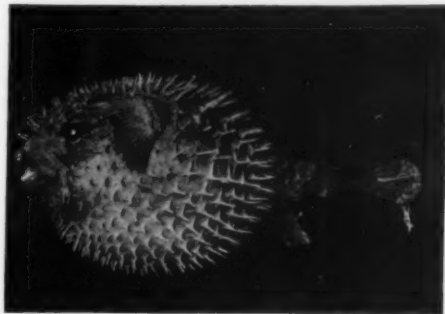
THE picture in the next column is that of a "*Cirrhosomus turgidus*," and it surely looks like it. In its normal condition it is not unlike a common black bass of fresh water. The body is inclosed in a sack capable of great distension and is not attached to it except at the head and tail. This skin or sack is covered with spines varying in length, hard and smooth as ivory and sharp as needles. When it is caught or when any danger threatens it, it immediately inflates itself to several times its usual size, by short inspirations, the inflation being by absorption of water if the fish is submerged, and by air if it is at the surface. Scratching it underneath, or rapping it lightly will cause

it to discharge its load through the mouth and gills, and then inflate again; and this operation may be repeated several times in succession.

This envelope when not inflated does not shrink close to the real fish body, but wraps itself by even folds, like accordion pleats around the circumference, the spines lying flat along the body. At the head where the thin skin is fairly attached, the spines are shorter, thicker and remain standing upright in one position.

This fish has no teeth, but the jaws, upper and lower, are notched, like a saw; there are no scales. When the body is removed and the skin dried it becomes as hard and tough as parchment.

If it be true that big fish feast upon small ones, this one must be a tough article of breakfast food. When a voracious shark comes in



THE PORCUPINE FISH.

sight, the porcupine fish swells himself to full size, wags his tail in a friendly way and chuckles in glee at the prospect of fooling the "hold-up" chap. The shark, seeing the fat, juicy morsel, prepares for a dainty fish dinner, takes him in at one gulp, and gets nothing but a mouthful of sharp pins and a dose of salt water.

What is the porcupine fish good for? Not for eating, surely. To man it is simply a curiosity. When the fish is killed and the skin dried in its distended condition, it can be turned into a fancy lantern by making an opening at the top and inserting a small electric globe, which when turned on shines with a mild light through the eyes and mouth and almost transparent skin, bringing out the fish shape very nicely.

Porcupine fish are usually caught by the net, but occasionally the fisherman may be lucky enough to induce one to take a hook.

W. J. HANDY.

MUSICAL WAVES.

WE removed the front from a Steinway grand piano and photographed the interior. The strings you will see are arranged like those



THE INTERIOR OF A GRAND PIANO.

By an interesting reflection, the black keys appear to be very much longer than they actually are.
The illustration is used by the courtesy of Steinway & Sons.

of a harp. The longest strings were three or four feet long and the shortest about two inches. The longest strings were thick and wound with wire. The shortest were thin. The longest were loose so that we could pull them back and forth, but the short strings were very tight. When we struck the first key at the left hand end of the piano, it moved a hammer against the longest string and produced a very low tone. When we struck the key at the other end of the piano its hammer struck the shortest string and it produced a very high tone. The piano is like a harp shut up in an elegant case. In both instruments the long, thick and loose strings produce the low tones and the short, thin and tight strings produce the high tones.

We pushed down the "soft" pedal and this moved all the hammers nearer to the strings, so that no matter how hard we struck the keys their hammers moved only a little, and hence were able to move the strings only a little. Loudness depends upon making the strings vibrate *widely*.

We could see the longest string vibrate when it was struck hard and we could feel

its vibrations with our finger tips. The vibrations were too rapid for us to count but we were told that the longest string on that piano always vibrated about twenty-six times a second whether it was struck hard or gently, and that the shortest string vibrated more than four thousand times a second whenever it was struck.

The strings of a violin are all the same length, but the player changes the length of the sounding portion by his fingering. Like the piano however, the violin has some strings thicker and looser than others and the former give the lower tones.

As we may produce waves in water by swinging our arms back and forth, so these



A HARP.

The photograph is used by the courtesy of Carl Fischer.

strings of piano, violin, etc., by swinging back and forth send out waves in the air. These air waves sound as music in our ears. They

travel about a mile in five seconds. The longest string on the piano therefore sends out (twenty-six times five) one hundred and thirty waves to the mile. Each wave is therefore about forty feet long. The shortest string on the piano sends out waves between three and four inches long. Thus the piano produces at the same time long and short waves in the air. The ocean in like manner may be stirred by great waves and little ripples at the same time. In both cases some waves help each other while some interfere.

PROFESSOR JOHN F. WOODHULL.

AN APPARENTLY LARGER MOON.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that sometimes the full moon is larger than at other times. What is the cause of this?

Your friend,

MARTHA WEBER.

I think that the principal cause of the apparent enlargement at the horizon is that we can then compare it with objects whose distance is approximately known to us. The apparent enlargement vanishes when we look at the moon through a piece of glass smoked sufficiently to cut off our view of objects on the earth. PROFESSOR MALCOLM MCNEILL.

The sky looks to the eye not like a true hemisphere but like a flattened vault, so that the estimates of distances for all objects near the horizon are apt to be too large. The sun and moon, when rising or setting, look to most persons much larger than when overhead; and the Dipper Bowl, when underneath the pole, seems to cover a much larger area than when above it. . . . When a heavenly body is overhead there are no *intervening objects* by which we can estimate its distance from us, while at the horizon we have the whole landscape between us and it.

PROFESSOR C. A. YOUNG.

Professor W. H. Pickering thinks that this comparison with trees and houses on the horizon is not the only reason nor the chief one. Our older readers will be interested in his explanation of "our estimates of size depending on angular altitude of the object." See his book "The Moon," page 79.

By the way, how large does the full moon seem? Some claim as large as a cart wheel, others as large as the end of a barrel, others as large as a silver dollar. Professor Pickering calls attention to the fact that (looked at with one eye) "It can always be

concealed behind a lead pencil held at arm's length."

CORN GROWING ON THE ROOF.

LAST summer, a corn plant, growing on the roof of my house until the stem was about three feet in length, attracted much attention from those who passed by in the street. The



A CORN PLANT GROWING ON A ROOF.

roof is the favorite resting-place for a flock of pigeons that make their home in the laboratory loft in the back yard, and one of them, I suppose, carried the grain and dropped it in the corner by the rain trough. There it sprouted in some slight accumulation of dust, the roots holding it in position by branching out under the shingles. Its growth was made possible only by the abundance of rain, which fell in showers nearly every day for a month; for, when an entire day of sunshine came, the lower leaves began to wilt, and the plant at once assumed a forlorn appearance. I decided that then or never was the time to obtain a photograph, and the accompanying picture is the result. Although the photograph was taken from the ground, the effect is fairly good, because I used a telephoto lens of high power.

The next day continued warm and fair, and my poor little corn plant fell over the edge of the roof, wilted, dried and dead.

A ROBIN'S NEST BUILT IN AN ORIOLE'S NEST.

In the summer of 1903, while visiting my mother at Lowville, N. Y., I saw a robin fly to an oriole nest built the previous year in a small slender maple in front of the house and



THE UPPER PART (SAUCER SHAPED AND SHOWING THE EGG) IS THE ROBIN'S NEST. THE TANGLED LOWER PORTION IS THE ORIGINAL ORIOLE'S NEST.

on investigation it was found she had built her nest directly upon that of the oriole. The nests were cut down and photographed. Only one robin's egg shows in the picture but there were three in the nest. The oriole's nest was in a very unusual location. The tree had been recently transplanted from a dense grove and consequently the trunk was very tall and slender and the top very small. The nest was suspended from a small limb close to the main trunk.

E. C. HOUGH.

CATNIP AND "PUSSY WILLOWS."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why kittens are so fond of catnip and also of pussy willows?

Your interested reader,

SUSAN J. APPLETON.

Cats are fond of catnip for two reasons. The aromatic odor is agreeable to them, and when eaten the herb is stimulating to their digestive organs.

I have never before heard the suggestion that cats eat "pussy willows." If cats are for

any reason fond of "pussy willows," it is news to me.—W. T. HORNADAY.

We do not think that cats would eat pussy willows only as they would eat any green thing in the spring. Catnip is not craved by all cats; some cats will not touch it, while others are passionately fond of it. It has a very curious effect on some cats, making them temporarily almost vicious. Catnip is a nerve excitant.—C. H. JONES, Editor "The Cat Journal."

The term "pussy willow" is applied to nearly all members of the willow family *Salicaceae* because the seed parts (aments) are covered with long glossy hairs. Aments of the willow (also of poplar, chestnut, oak, hickory, etc.) are often called catkins because of the resemblance in shape to a cat's tail.

THE SIZE OF MINNOWS AND THE EXTREME AGE OF FISHES.

ARMOUR, S. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how long minnows live and how large they grow?

Your devoted reader,

BAYARD BOYLAN, JR. (age 12).

Your inquiry implies a knowledge of fishes which many grown people do not have. Minnows are not simply the young of larger fishes, as is often believed, but constitute a special family, very numerous represented in the United States. Some of the members are only an inch or two long when full grown, others attain a large size, but the great majority of them are under six inches. The horned dace, or fall-fish, familiar to the boys of the Eastern States, is the largest "minnow" in that section; it reaches a length of eighteen inches. In the rivers of the Pacific coast there are some colossal "minnows," one of them—the so-called Sacramento pike—attaining a length of five feet. A familiar member of the minnow family is the carp. It has been stated that carp have lived to be one hundred to one hundred and fifty years old, but definite instances of such longevity are rare.

The normal length of life of our common small minnows probably rarely exceeds four or five years, and may be much shorter; but there are few satisfactory observations on this point. No general rule can be laid down regarding the age of fishes or the relation between age and size. It is known that the salmon of the Pacific coasts, which enter the rivers in such immense shoals, live to be four or five years old, and then invariably die after once laying their eggs. One Japanese fish dies when one year

old. On the west coast of Europe there occurs a small fish which is like an annual plant—that is, all the individuals die each year, and only the eggs—i.e., the seed—remain to produce the next season's crop. H. M. SMITH.

THE ABSENCE OF FEAR IN WILD BIRDS.

A REMARKABLE instance of the absence of fear in a woodcock, one of the wildest of the wild birds, on her eggs at nesting time, is recorded by two nature lovers at Battle Creek, Michigan. Last spring Harry S. Parker and C. C. Dell, members of the Nature Club, were taking an outing and making a study of birds, when they accidentally discovered a woodcock upon her nest. Mr. Dell approached this usually shy bird; the woodcock did not take flight; he walked still nearer and the bird did not even move. Surprised, Mr. Dell walked directly to the nest and placed his fingers underneath the bird. The latter sat unconcernedly upon her eggs

even candidly stating that they did not believe the story.

"Seeing is believing," said Mr. Parker, who is an artist, and so the next morning, armed with a camera, and accompanied by Mr. Dell, he visited the nest, and Mr. Dell repeated the exploit of placing his hand beneath the bird, and she again refused to take flight. Meanwhile Mr. Parker took a fine photograph of the bird sitting upon Mr. Dell's fingers. After developing the plate, he in triumph exhibited the finished picture to the sportsmen of the city, who acknowledged that it showed an incident in woodcock life of which they had never heard, and would not have believed if they had not seen the photograph, which was indisputable evidence.

CHARLES EMMETT BARNES.

While this experience is astonishing it is not exceptional. Many other naturalists have had similar experiences with wild birds that are



"MR. DELL REPEATED THE EXPLOIT OF PLACING HIS HAND UNDERNEATH THE BIRD, SHE AGAIN REFUSING TO TAKE FLIGHT."

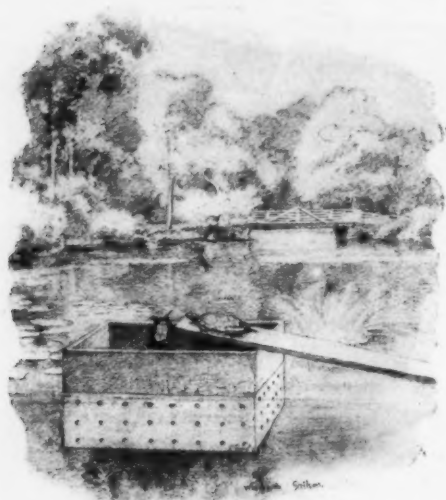
manifesting no fear whatever. Mr. Dell did not further disturb the bird, and came away.

Upon their return to the city the gentlemen related the story of their experience with the woodcock to their hunter friends. The latter expressed surprise and incredulity, some

incubating. A nature study class of boys with me once found a wood-thrush that would permit stroking while on the nest. She would eat crumbs from the hand. Wild birds, especially on certain occasions and to their friends, are not as wild as we are apt to suppose.

A SIMPLE TURTLE TRAP.

ANY stout box about eighteen or twenty-four inches square and eighteen inches deep will answer the purpose. Bore a few holes



A TURTLE TRAP SET IN A SMALL POND.

in the bottom and sides for water circulation, nail an inclined board as a gang plank on one side extending from the water to about over the center of the box.

The box should be weighted with stones to keep it level, leaving only about six inches above the water. The trap is then ready to anchor in any convenient place in the pond or lake.

The turtles in selecting a fine spot in which to sun themselves will invariably crawl to the highest point of the gang plank, directly over the center of the trap. It is then necessary only to throw a stone from a distance in order to make a good splash near the trap. The turtles becoming frightened will slip off the gang plank into the trap.

The writer has caught many turtles in this manner in a very short time.

W. L. BEDELL.

NEWTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me where the frogs go in winter? I have heard that they freeze in the ice, and in the spring, when the ice breaks up, they come to life again. Will you please tell me if that is so?

Your friend,

BARBARA WELLINGTON (age 11 years).

In the late fall, frogs betake themselves to water and bury themselves in the mud out of reach of frost. Here they lie in a dormant condition until the next spring. The general vital activities of the animal run down so low that little expenditure of energy is required to maintain life. There is need, therefore, for only a small amount of oxygen, and skin respiration then suffices. During the whole winter the frog does not breathe air with the lungs. The temperature of the body sinks until it is only a few degrees above that of the surrounding earth. As the frog takes no food during this time, it must keep up its vital activity at the expense of material stored in its tissues. . . . Frogs have little power of withstanding extreme cold, for the reason that they have no means of keeping their temperature very much above that of their surroundings, and their tissues consequently become frozen. On the other hand, they can withstand a reduction of their own bodily temperature far below the point which would be quickly fatal to any warm-blooded animal. They may be even frozen in ice for a short time and subsequently recover if gradually thawed out.—SAMUEL J. HOLMES, Ph.D., in "The Biology of The Frog."

THE PERSISTENCE OF LIFE IN INSECTS.

SOULSBYVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We found an insect and put it in the cyanide jar and left it there about twenty minutes. When it was taken out a pin was stuck through the insect and it was pinned in a cigar box. After four days it was seen to move. At first we thought we imagined the motion but on looking closer we saw that the insect moved unmistakably. How could this be?

Your interested reader,

EVELYN BURRILL.

The instance noted is not especially unusual, since the persistency of life with insects is often very extraordinary. For example, a writer in the "American Naturalist" in 1897 stated that he had known an *Ephydra* larva to live for three days in a solution of formalin. In "Nature" for 1893 Mr. J. Adams mentions a mite whose eggs survived the boiling point in water. The vitality of insects in gases of different kinds is mentioned in the "American Naturalist" for 1882. Mr. E. A. Schwarz, of Washington, D. C., has written a long paper on the comparative vitality of insects in cold water, in which he showed that many land insects would live for many days in sea water. The resistance of insects to cold is well understood. Mr. E. W. Doran, in the "Canadian Entomologist" for 1892, reported having found

young specimens of the mole-cricket swimming in an ice-covered pond in January when the ice was broken. Many insects of different orders can be frozen solidly in ice, and revive when thawed out. It is a well-known fact that after the loss of a head or still greater injury some insects will not only retain their vitality for a considerable time, but will act naturally. A crane-fly will leave half of its legs in the hands of a boy who has endeavored to catch it, and will fly here and there with as much agility and unconcern as if nothing had happened to it; and an insect impaled upon a pin will often devour its prey with as much avidity as when it has perfect liberty. This is especially noticeable with dragon flies. A common European cock-chaffer will walk about with apparent indifference after having been practically cut in two by some bird. A bumblebee with its abdomen removed will eat honey with greediness. An ant will walk about for some time when deprived of its head. The head of a wasp will attempt to bite after it is separated from the rest of the body, and the abdomen, under similar circumstances, will attempt to sting.

These instances suffice to show that the vitality of insects is infinitely greater than that of warm-blooded animals.—L. O. Howard, Chief of Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C.

In view of the astonishing persistence of life, it is not strange that our scientists are sometimes puzzled to know how to get rid of certain insect pests.

VARIOUS BROODS OF CICADAS.

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me whether the seventeen-year locusts only come once in seventeen years? And also if they all come the same year.

Your constant reader,

RUTH H. MATZ.

There are many broods of the cicadas in the United States, so that they appear in different localities in different years. New York State has five well-marked broods; one in the western counties is due in 1917; a large brood on Long Island and near Rochester will appear in 1919; another on Long Island in 1906; another in the Hudson River Valley in 1911. The different appearances of some of these broods have been noted and studied for more than a century.—"Ways of the Six-footed." (Mrs. Comstock.)

In Bulletin No. 44 "The Periodical Cicada" United States Department of Agriculture, you will find an interesting account of various broods of locusts in the United States.

Each brood appears after an interval of seventeen years, but the time of appearance varies with different broods.

A REMARKABLE FUNGUS.

I WAS following an old wood road and paused for a moment to enjoy the beauty of the sun-flecked pathway; a bit of orange color attracted my attention. On closer examination I found a slim, club-shaped object about an inch long that appeared to be the cap of a small fungus. It reminded me of the spadix of a calla-lily. Wondering from what source this strange little parasite had been getting its food, I poked away the decaying leaves from the short stem and found to my great astonishment that the small, branching roots of this remarkable fungus were embedded in the head of a brown chrysalis about an inch in length. The chrysalis had lost its plumpness and was light to the touch, plainly showing that while it had served as a host for the little parasite a wonderful transformation had taken place. Mother Nature had changed the organs of an insect into this odd little orange-colored fungus.

I have never seen this species described and believe that it belongs to the same genus



THE REMARKABLE FUNGUS.

See the interesting description of this fungus in "The Century Dictionary" under "Cordyceps." Also see "The Bulrush Caterpillar," page 394 of ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1887.

as the little cone-shaped species discovered by Gibson in moss and described by him in his chapter about "The Wonderful Fungus Tribe" in "Sharp Eyes."

W. C. KNOWLES.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY BLANCHE LEEMING (AGE 16).

(Cash Prize.)

AT night when all is dark and still,
Quaint moon-men dance upon the sill;
And queer fantastic shadows fain
Fall zig-zag on my counterpane.
The gentle breezes breathing deep
Stir softly all the leaves in sleep,
But though the casement 's open wide
To let in all the great outside,
Of goblin witches I 've no fear,
For mirrored in the brooklet clear,
From where he 's perched in maple tree,
The moon is taking care of me.

SEVERAL months ago we asked Honor Members to send in their photographs in order that we might see how our gold and cash prize winners look. We often wonder how they look and we would like to know. We asked that the pictures sent should be taken as nearly at the time of the prize-winning as possible, that we wanted those of old Honor Members as well as of new. Well, we have already received a number of these pictures, and we are not disappointed. They are pictures of young people who look as if they might achieve success, especially in the League competitions. They will make a most interesting collection, one we shall be proud to look back upon in later years.

But there is one thing perhaps we forgot to say. We wish the pictures signed, on the front, if possible, with the sender's autograph. And we not only wish the pictures of Honor Members, but of those members who



"A HEADING." BY LUCIA L. HALSTEAD, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

have outgrown the League, and who, though they failed to achieve the highest League honors, have persevered and are continuing their work and winning success in the wider professional fields. There are a good many of these, for it may easily happen that one's art and literary development is slow in coming, and the boy or girl who could not win a League badge prize may, after the League age limit, make such a strong and sudden growth that the greater prizes which the world awards, are gathered with no uncertain hand. We are especially interested in these old friends.

A few League members do not seem to understand what an Honor Member is. An Honor Member is one



"A HEADING." BY VERA MARIA DEMENS, AGE 15.
(CASH PRIZE.)

who has a gold badge or a cash prize or both, and the title usually follows the name of such a member when a subsequent contribution of such a member is used in the League department, especially when such a contribution is considered up to the League prize standard.

The Honor Members have the most of the League this month. The greater number of good drawings and poems are by old friends, and this is not because we wish to fill up the department with their work—fond of it as we are—but because for this particular number it was better than the most of the other work received, and as we have often said before, the League must be edited for those who enjoy reading and looking at it as well as those who write and draw for it.

A closing word to the artists. Do not draw your pictures the size you expect them to appear in the magazine, but about twice as big. They are photographed down to the size we want them, and they gain by reduction, if the reduction is not too great.

PRIZE WINNERS, DECEMBER COMPETITION.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Blanche Leeming** (age 16), Woods Park, Michigan City, Ind.

Gold badge, **Catharine D. Brown** (age 17), Barre, Mass.

Silver badge, **Margaret L. Brett** (age 17), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Mary Graham Bonner** (age 17), 7 Kent St., Halifax, N. S.; **Gertrude J. Shannon** (age 15), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Corinne J. Gladding** (age 16), 23 N. Mosby Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Silver badges, **Horace Clark** (age 17), 369 Algoma St., Oshkosh, Wis.; **Marion B. Phelps** (age 13), 258 Main St., Nashua, N. H., and **Florence Woodworth Wright** (age 9), 703 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Vera Maria Demens** (age 15), 1149 W. 28th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gold badge, **J. B. Stenbuck** (age 15), 422 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth Tyler** (age 14), 39 Grey Cliff Rd., Newton Center, Mass., and **E. Allena Champlin** (age 14), 151 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y.

Photography. Gold badge, **Ruth Duncan** (age 13), Gadsden, Ala.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Gill** (age 12), 1106 Water St., Meadville, Pa.; **Helen Hudson** (age 14), 243 Ridge Ave., Ben Avon, Pa., and **Anna A. Flichtner** (age 15), 140 Montrose Ave., South Orange, N. J.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Young Crows," by **Phoebe Warren** (age 13), 645 Fairmount Ave., St. Paul, Minn. Second prize, "Young Herring Gull," **T. H. McKittrick, Jr.** (age 17), Hackley Upper School, Tarrytown, N. Y. Third prize, "Flicker, Feeding Young," by **Alfred C. Redfield** (age 16), Wayne, Pa.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Mary Parker** (age 14), Holliston, Mass., and **Arthur Minot Reed** (age 12), 354 Clinton Rd., Brookline, Mass.

Silver badges, **Robert E. Naumburg** (age 14), The Gunnery, Washington, Conn., and **Ronald Martin Foster** (age 10), 480 McDonough St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badge, **Mary W. Ball** (age 14), 75 Corning St., Charleston, S. C.

Silver badge, **Florence H. Doan** (age 13), 47 N. Irvington Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

HEART OF YOUTH.

BY CATHARINE D. BROWN
(AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

I PLUCKED a blushing, half-blown rose
With petals velvet-red,
And gazed into its crimson depths
That sweetest fragrance shed.

When lo! a tiny, merry sprite
Thrust forth a saucy face!
A peal of silvery laughter gay
Rang out in fairy space.

Then up he sprang, with carol blithe,
And tossed his sunny hair;
He danced a tripping, dainty step,
In truth, a picture fair.

Ambition's seal was on his brow
And truth shone in his eyes

A tender sweetness touched his lips
Of hope that never dies.

"Who art thou, elf?" I cried, amazed,
"So sweet and bright, forsooth?"
"Some call me Love," the lad replied,
"My name is Heart-of-Youth."

MY FAVORITE POEM, AND WHY.

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

THERE is a noted painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, called "Simplicity." It is a picture of a little girl who charms you by her absolute simplicity. The same could be said of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" which is a succession of beautiful pictures, not painted by the brush, but by the pen. In addition to this charm is its delightful simplicity.

"Enoch Arden" could be divided into four scenes. The first describes the little sea-port town with the children Annie Lee, Philip Ray and Enoch Arden, playing "house" on the beach, where Annie agrees to be little wife to both. Later we see how this promise is fulfilled.

In the second scene; Enoch Arden, who has grown into manhood, tells Annie of his love for her. Enoch and Annie live happily together for seven years, when hardships befall Enoch and duty bids him undertake a long voyage in order to support his little family. Before he leaves, he sells his well-loved boat and starts a little store for Annie.

In the third scene, Annie fails in the store, and Philip helps her in many ways, finally entreating her to become his wife. One night a dream convinces her that Enoch is in heaven and she marries Philip; but



"THE CHILD." BY RUTH DUNCAN, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)



"CHILDREN." BY ELEANOR GILL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

she never is quite happy, although Philip is a kind, loving husband. In the meantime, Enoch has had many hardships, but at last he is rejoicing homeward bound.

What is the end of this voyage? The fourth scene is the saddest; in which Enoch, in his impressive prayer, tells of his sorrow when he, unseen, witnesses his family in Philip's home. His brave resolve, "Not to tell her, never to let her know," keeps him up, but finally he breaks down, and on his death-bed tells Philip. Three nights later he dies, crying out, "A sail! A sail! I am saved."

The pathos in this story of the self-sacrificing Enoch Arden is what makes me love it above all other poems. Many critics think that the last three lines of the poem are unnecessary, but I think Tennyson understands his characters and their characteristics when he says:—

"So passed the strong heroic soul away.

And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY MARGARET L. PRETT
(AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

He longed to play at foot-ball,
And to drive Dad's fiery steed's,
To hold the wheel in Jack's machine,
Strike matches on his tweeds;

To smoke cigars and puff blue rings
And to become in truth
A man—of twenty-one or more,
For he had the heart of youth.

He wished to be a sophomore,
So jolly and blasé—

well and loves it too. And it is none other than, "The Night before Christmas!" Does any one blame me for liking it so much?

I remember so well (for I am not *very* old now) how every Christmas eve we children would sit before the fire with Mama and she would read this poem to us in her sweet musical voice. We would sit at her feet and stare into the fire while she chanted the magic spell over us. Our faces grew warmer and warmer; we could just see the still house—not a thing stirring; we saw the

snow, the sleigh and the reindeer, Prancer, Dancer, Vixen and all the rest pulling it, and old Santa all bundled up controlling them with a twitch of the rein. We could see him stop at our house and bring in a big sack with all the things inside that we had written to ask him for. Had we been good enough for him to bring all the things we wanted? Anyway we'd see the next morning. Here the poem came to an end and we came back to earth as our vision vanished.

"Now hurry to bed children," Mama would say, "So as to give Santa ample time to come." Into bed we got and were tucked in. And in our dreams we saw Santa—toys and sugar plums; also longed for the morrow. The reason I like this poem so is because I was so happy when it was read to me.

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 17).
(Honor Member.)

JUST to live life! To feel the thrill

Of youth, and hope, and energy,
To face the world with quiet will
Like tempered steel that must be free,
To face the flush of victory strong,
To meet defeat at duty's call,
To bear distress, if need be, long,
To sacrifice, if need be, all!



"SWISS CHILDREN." BY ANNA A. FLICHTNER
AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

To win a twenty-five yard dash—
Oh, for that future day!

To play at golf, or row a scull,
He longed to do in truth
These numerous courageous sports
For he had—heart of youth.

MY FAVORITE POEM, AND WHY.

BY GERTRUDE J. SHANNON
(AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

My favorite poem is not by a great author or a great man, yet it is known far and wide in every country. Almost every child knows it

Just to live life! With purpose wrought,
To find success in work done well,
To seek advice in things untaught,
To see in fame its empty shell,
To struggle hard for what is just,
To seek in each reverse a gain,
To bear success without the lust
Of empty conquest in its train.

Just to live life! With hands to do,
With strength to bear, with will to be,
With fortitude to wait and view,
With power in sincerity,
With honor and with open heart,
And courage that cannot dispel,
To live, to be, is but the part
To face the world, and face it well.

MY FAVORITE POEM, AND WHY.

BY CORINNE J. GLADDING (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THE "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," by Thomas Gray, is my favorite poem. I think it is one of the most beautiful and perfect poems in our language. It was written at a period of English literature when love for man and nature was taking the place of the intellectual and classical elements of the period before.

The author, Thomas Gray, was born in London in 1716. We are told that he was a very learned man, and became a professor at Cambridge, but we like to think of him best as the poet. He did not write very much, but what he did write was excellent. Matthew Arnold says, "He is the scantiest and frailest of classics in our poetry, but he is a classic."

For seven long years Gray labored upon the "Elegy," and he perfected it until it became a "flawless gem of English literature." If we examine every line, we shall find it perfect. Gray wished to tell simple truths in this poem, and rejected the verse:

"There scattered oft, the earliest
of the year,
By hands unseen, are shadows
of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and
warble there,
And little footsteps lightly
print the ground."

One may still see at Stoke Pogis the little church, and the churchyard, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." It looks very much as it did during the poet's life-time, except that a new steeple has replaced the "ivy-mantled tower." Beneath the oriel-window of the little church Gray is buried, near where he used to walk and dream on summer evenings.

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

BORNE upwards on its gold and silver wings
Rises the Heart of Youth,
With its fond hopes and sweet imaginings,



"CHILDREN." BY HELEN HUDSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

It wanders through this sordid world, nor
brings
To mind the hard, undecorated truth;
And future cares and sorrows left behind
Are spurned, because the Heart of Youth is
blind.

MY FAVORITE POEM.

BY FRANCES WOODWORTH
WRIGHT (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

MY favorite poem is a hard thing for me to tell about. If you had asked me to tell about my favorite school I could have done it better.

When I was a little girl I liked Stevenson's poems, and especially "I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me." But now I like "Hiawatha," and "Evangeline."

I could call "Evangeline" my favorite poem if I did understand it better. I have not yet finished it.

The reason why I could have told about my favorite school is because I have never been to any school except one and it is the school up in the country of West Wrentham.

My teacher was very good to me and she gave me a nice report card.

She had my class read "Evangeline."
There are thirteen scholars in the summer and eleven in the winter.

My teacher has been to the land of Evangeline.

We hope some day to go.

I don't believe many of the League members have been to a country school.

When I am up in West Wrentham I can almost imagine being in the woods that Hiawatha and Nokomis were in.

The reason why I like "Evangeline" is this: it makes



"CHILDEEN" (FRANCE). BY JANE GOULD,
AGE 15.



"CHILDREN." (NORWAY.) BY KATHARINE H. STOUT, AGE 15.

me think of my summer home. While there is no ocean it is so quiet. The owls hoot in the night and the whippoorwills call. The birds sing in the day time, and the squirrels run about. It is all so peaceful and pleasant.

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY GERTRUDE EMERSON (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

THE summer wind sighed softly in the pine,
And swayed the quaint old garden flowers fair,
That bowed their graceful heads, the phlox was there,
The mignonette, and twining eglantine;
And in their midst I sat, that day just nine,
And like a child without a thought or care,
With tiny pinafore, and curling hair,
I played the flowers were my children fine.
But now that day has passed beyond recall,
The morn of life is turned into the night.
The wheat grows but its full, and then must fall,
And so I pass from darkness now to light:
And though my life had days of sun and show'rs
My heart is like the child's among the flow'rs.

MY FAVORITE POEM, AND WHY.

BY HORACE CLARK (AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN I was in the fourth grade in the elementary school we had a principal who was a young man, fresh from college. He must have strongly believed in the memory method of teaching for he had all the pupils of the two higher grades of the school learn several long poems, and among these was Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." I can remember how we hated this work. But we had it to do, and we learned the poem so thoroughly that even now I can recite nearly every verse.

It was drudgery to learn the poem then, because we could not understand it, and we did not realize its meaning. But now, after a few years, we see the good in it. Every little while I think of it. Sometimes I find myself stopping and repeating a verse or two of it. I feel the sentiment of the poem and have come to love it. Possibly it is because I know it better than any other work of the kind, but I do not think so.

This poem has always been very popular, and its influence has been very great. No one may tell how many it may have inspired to some great act, and how many it may have restrained from doing an evil one.

The poem breathes of common things. It is full of lessons for every one. It teaches us the respect for the worthy poor, which so many of us lack. It warns the proud not to take thought to themselves, and not to feel above the more humble, who are their brothers.

It is a poem of such high merit that it has become a classic, and it will always take high rank as long as there is an English Literature.

Two of the stanzas which have impressed me most, follow. They are often quoted, and there is much truth in them.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Alike await the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



"CHILDREN." BY EMILY F. GOSSLER, AGE 13.

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

THE heart of youth is blithe and gay,
Singing through the livelong day;
Drowning sorrow in its mirth;
Happy the day when it had its birth!

In the heart of youth adventure lies,
To make discoveries great it tries;
Wanting to travel o'er the earth;
Happy the day when it had its birth!

In the heart of youth ambition lies,
Trying to fame's great height to rise;



"YOUNG CROWS." BY PHOEBE WARREN, AGE 13. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

Trying always to prove its worth;
Happy the day when it had its birth!

In the heart of youth the love-light lies,
A little spark that never dies;
Faithful, though wand'ring o'er the earth;
Happy the day when it had its birth!

Staid is the heart of the old and gray,
While the heart of youth is light and gay;
Drowning sorrow in its mirth;
Happy the day when it had its birth!

MY FAVORITE POEM.

BY MARION B. PHELPS (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

THE poem which has always appealed to me the most is Whittier's beautiful "Snowbound." The lines are so simply expressed that I can understand them quite fully, but they are so full of thoughts and pictures that there is a fresh one every time I take it up.

So when I found myself actually looking at the birth-place of Whittier and the scene of the poem I was very desirous of going into the old house.

We found that upon paying a small sum we would be allowed to fulfil our wishes.

The house was quite as interesting as the poem pictures it, for it is kept in the same condition by a colonial society.

We went through a small hall, into the large kitchen or living room. The most of one side is taken up by the immense fireplace. In it are the old crane, the kettles and the andirons with their "straddling feet." Nearby is Whittier's old desk at which he wrote his first poem. There is also a china closet where most of Mrs. Whittier's china is preserved. The most interesting

thing in this closet is the mug in which the cider "simmered slow."

The mother's room opens out of the kitchen and has a large four poster bed with hand-made linen and quilts. This room is about two inches above the level of the kitchen because of a ledge, which, in those days was easier to build over than to blast out.

There is also a "best room," where are more old pieces of china, a sampler worked by "the little girl who went above him," and many old and valued pieces of furniture.

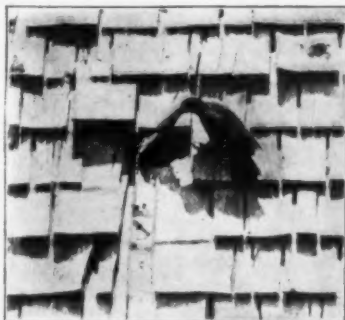
But I have told you only about the house. There is an old-fashioned garden, a grove, a brook, a barn and many other delightful places. No wonder Whittier loved his old home.

I hope this piece of colonial property will always be preserved, but even though it may be destroyed by time, the poem, Whittier's "Snowbound," will live.

Lost or damaged League buttons will be replaced free on application.



"YOUNG HERRING GULL." BY T. H. MCKITTRICK, JR., AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"FLICKER FEEDING YOUNG." BY ALFRED C. REDFIELD, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

An Exclamatory Poem.

BY MARJORIE Y. BETTS (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

YOUTH 's at your heart now!
Soon 't will depart. Now,
Now is the start! Now
The time to enjoy.

With both hands grasp pleasure—
Nor time heed, nor measure,
But fast hold thy treasure!
Ere long 't will cloy.

Age comes so quickly,
Feeble and sickly;
Pleasure then, fickly,
Will have passed on.



"A HEADING," BY E. ALLENA CHAMPLIN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Just for a minute
Life lasts, and in it
Joy, though you win it,
Is—and is gone.

Happiness reckoned
You yours? Grief beckoned—
Gone in a second,
Lost in a breath.

Glad youth, a laughing boy!
Blissful love! Careless joy;
Age with a broken toy!
In the end Death!

MY FAVORITE POEM, AND WHY.

BY ROBERT W. HOBART (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

My favorite poem is "Old Ironsides" by Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is one of the first poems I ever learned by heart.

The reason I like this poem is because it is historic and patriotic.

"Old Ironsides" is the name given the old frigate, *Constitution*, which was launched at Boston, on September 20, 1797. She became famous during the war of 1812.

"Old Ironsides" was to be destroyed and the people felt strongly about it, and Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote this poem about 1830, and it was published in the Boston newspapers at that time.

It is now published in a book with many other poems of his.

The government has used \$100,000 to take care of the hulk of "Old Ironsides" so she will not be destroyed.

I hope every boy and girl in the League will read "Old Ironsides."

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY DORIS NEEL (AGE 17).

A LITTLE lad, and yonder school,
A meadow green, and broken rule,
An outward voice that crieth, "No!"
An inward voice that crieth, "Go!"
Conscience!

A little lad, a little sad,
A little bed, a curly head,
A thought that, if he lived or died,
Would Mother hear that voice inside?
Repentance!

MY FAVORITE POEM.

BY KNOWLES ENTRIKIN (AGE 15).

SOMEONE has said "First impressions are lasting." This is no doubt true. Certainly it is so in my first impression of Hiawatha.

The first poem I ever had read to me after the age of "Solomon Grundy," "Mother Goose" and nursery rhymes, was Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." As for understanding it, I did not, but the musical swing and rhythm of the poem pleased me in the same way that a piece of music appeals to one.

The mysterious Indian names so soft and beautiful, please the mind while they baffle the tongue. Then too there is a fairy-storiness about it that appeals to the imaginative while the human companionship with nature is portrayed in such a fascinating way that one can see in the elements the personalities of human beings.

And yet amongst the misty imaginings of the poet there is woven a beautiful story of a human life.

Born "by the shores of Gitche Gumee," Hiawatha passed his childhood and

"Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
Talked with them when 'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'"

How he grew to manhood, struggled and fasted, and at last won the "Laughing Water, Minnehaha" for a wife, is sung in the measures of this Indian symphony.

Then came the famine, the death of Minnehaha, the coming of the white man and at last the death of Hiawatha. Thus it is ended.

"Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter."



"STUDY," BY ELIZABETH TYLER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

ELEANOR RANDOLPH CHAPIN (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

THERE 's a sigh of the wind in the stormy night
As it rustles the leaves, and the falling rain
Chases the twinkling stars away
And patters against the window-pane,
While the flames on the hearth within leap high,
Sparkling and bright, toward the starless sky.

Gazing into the dancing flames,
As she lies in the circle of ruddy light,
Forgetful of wind and the driving rain,
Or else in the dark and stormy night,
A child rehearses a happy morn
'Neath a summer sky, midst the waving corn.

The fields are gay with buttercups;
A bird is trilling a glad some song;
And down in the shade of the orchard trees
A brooklet merrily flows along.
The grasses whisper as they sway;
The child is singing at her play.

Without the pouring rain has ceased to fall:
The raging storm is swiftly passing by
The tardy moon is climbing to its place
To drive the hurrying storm clouds from the sky:
And one by one the stars begin to peep.
'T is still within: the child is fast asleep.

MY FAVORITE POEM.

BY ARTHUR KRAMER (AGE 14).

I HAVE few *single* favorites in anything, but I have a good many favorites among poems.

It is not the rhyme of the poem that I like so much as the thought in which it is written.

Yet the rhyme plays some part, for it makes the poem musical to the ear; while, without it, it is only musical to the mind.

Sometimes when I read a poem it takes such a hold on me that I cannot get it out of my head for days. Indeed I do not try to, for if there is anything I like to do, it is to think about or to read some favorite poem.

There are two poems that lately appeared in the League department, both written by the same person, that have a peculiar fascination for me. They may be ranked among my favorites.

Some little poem, straight from the writer's heart, is the one I like in preference to the ones that are dashed off in the hurry of the moment.

When I saw "My Favorite Poem" announced, I said to myself, "Here 's an easy subject." But now that I come to write it, I find that it is not so easy to write about it, as it is to think about it. If I could shape some of my unworded thoughts, maybe I could write better, but as it is, it is hard to express just what constitutes my favorite poem.

NOTICE.

Please read the League Introduction concerning the photographs wanted of League Honor members.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY LYDIA C. GIBSON, AGE 14.

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

THE soft winds are sighing, the butterflies flying,
O'er the orchard, adrift in the fresh balmy air,
And Summer comes dancing, with smile so entrancing,
That field and lane blossom, with flowers so fair.

Now Autumn approaching, on Summer encroaching,
Tho' the fruit in the orchard still hangs on each bough.

The leaves are all burning, to red and gold turning,
And gorgeous in coloring Autumn reigns now.

The children are singing, the Yuletide bells ringing.
The world now is touched by Winter's cold hand.
No butterflies flutt'ring, no birds, songs are ut'ring,
Tho' Christmastide joy is abroad in the land.

With fruit trees perfuming the world with their blooming,
Comes the happiest season of all the glad year.
The robin's sweet calling, upon the ear falling,
Is a herald, to tell us, that Springtime is here.

THE STORY OF THE STARS.

BY CELIA C. HIGGINS (AGE 16).

ON one of the quaintest and oldest of the streets in Philadelphia there stands a little old brown house with a gabled roof. Within this house, about a hundred and fifty years ago something of great consequence to the future of the country took place.

There had been several flags used during the Revolution, one especially of a rattlesnake coiled, with its head lifted, which had the motto, "Don't Tread on Me;" but this was not universally used.

Another flag had been made out of a red petticoat for the red stripes, a sheet for the white ones and a man's blue shirt

for the background of the stars. But this was not settled for the national flag until after the war. When Washington was president he went to this little house where a certain woman called Betsy Ross lived, and asked her to make a silk flag of red and white in stripes with an oblong piece of blue in the left corner in which there were to be set thirteen white stars with six points. But Miss Betsy Ross thought that she could cut five-pointed stars more easily so she made them with five points. When Washington saw it he liked the five-pointed stars better and never changed them. So by one woman's will the flag of a country was changed.



"STUDY." BY EDITH ROWLAND KNAPP, AGE 14.



"A HEADING." BY ROWLEY MURPHY, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE FOREST.

BY WILBUR K. BATES (AGE 14).

'MID sweetest scent of balmy spruce and pine,
Here might we rest and dream from hour to hour,
'Neath canopy of leaves and hanging vine,
Absorbed by some sublime and unseen power.

On either hand the oak holds high his head,
The woodland flower sends up a fragrant smell.
A mirror lake by woodland springlets fed
Begins the brook that trickles through the dell.

Here fanned by balmy breezes blithe we rest,
Devouring priceless beauty all around;
Here drink we deep of nature at her best,
And see what glory springs from lowly ground.

How stately strike the branches 'cross the sky,
How well the green stands out against the blue.
How proud the oak lifts up his head on high,
How sweet the floweret cups the pearly dew.

On, on, through all the ages stands the wood.
The oak will stand when we have ceased to be.
To man the forest is an heirloom good—
A noble symbol of eternity!

TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. NICHOLAS readers. Its aims are recreation, intellectual improvement, and the protection of the oppressed, whether human beings or dumb animals. Gold, silver, and cash prizes are awarded for meritorious achievement. The membership is free, and a badge and full instructions will be sent on application.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY KATHRYN SPRAGUE DE WOLF (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

THE spirit which made Huguenots of his forebears, compelling them to leave their once lovely France, their possessions, and sadly divided kindred, was doubtless identical with that which so influenced my greatgrandfather, "Hubert de Wolff, born in Amsterdam, Holland, 1767," according to our family record.

Independence! That was his dearest desire. This was a stirring period in the history of the Netherlands, but Hubert's parents probably would have continued a quite tranquil existence if there had not been that irrepresible yearning for freedom in their son. Doubtless meek old Mynheer de Wolff had to often "take it"

from madame because he came of a democratic family. Two years before he supposedly reached the "age of discretion," Hubert fell a victim to Napoleon's many assurances that he would free Holland. Poor boy, he was early to learn that people do not *always* keep their promises. One evening when each little Hans and Gretel had long since repeated bedtime prayers, Hubert, with about half a dozen equally trusting comrades, fired with the noble idea of saving Holland, opened the city gates — and Napoleon entered. Hubert could not stand the deceptions of "the Little Corporal," and soon he sadly departed for America. It was a wild move, breaking his mother's heart and leaving his father's sore indeed. At the landing an acquaintance asked why he came. A torrent of emotions rose within the youth, but the only word that escaped him was the soul-satisfying "Liberty!"

Hubert's ambition soon became akin to "Yankee push," and his business success in the new world was far greater than it would have been in Holland. Returning to Holland in 1823, he stayed long enough to grow homesick for the States. The good King William was an unconventional neighbor, and he and Mr. de Wolf often dined together. Once the easy-going sovereign asked Hubert his opinion of America. Instantly came the respectful but frank reply, "I'd rather vote for one President of the United States of America than dine with a dozen kings." It is recorded that this astonishing Declaration of Independence made no difference in their friendship. Hubert died in 1847, leaving his descendants a quaint picture painted in 1771 by his "Father Willem." It hangs in our dining-room.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY GIBBS MANSFIELD (AGE 7).

"Ah, me!" said once a frozen brook.

"Ah, me! ah, me!

Ah, me! kind Nature, freeze me not!
Ah, let my rippling waters run!

"My heart beats babbling in the stream—
And birds and fishes on the wing—
To reach the ocean giant strong;
And he, with outstretched arms,
To reach my little babbling heart!"

"Ah, let me not hear that again,"

Said Mother Nature, sternly.

"I'll freeze you to the very water's edge,
And then kind Winter, with his arms so
strong,

Will bear thy heart along."

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY CLARA P. POND (AGE 14).

LONG ago, when Massachusetts and Connecticut were very young, and differently divided from the way they are now, a little river received the name of "Bride Brook" in a curious and interesting way.

In summer it was a pretty stream, flowing round and about an occasional Indian wigwam, twisting and turning through the thick woods; but at this particular time it was covered with ice and snow, and the trees were bare and the ground white.

One cold, bright day in the winter of sixteen hundred and forty-six, a quaint wedding scene was enacted on its banks, many miles from human habitation — excepting an Indian wigwam near by.

It was on this day that the occupants of the wigwam were much surprised by the arrival of a small group of white people clad in soft gray garments.

They were mostly men, for only two women could be seen.

One was a sweet-faced young girl, unwilling to be separated from a tall man, who was more demonstrative toward her than most Puritans were wont to be.

The man was Jonathan Rudd, and he was that morning to marry the gentle Mary who kept so close to him and followed every step he took.

The bridal party came from Saybrook, because no one there was qualified to perform the ceremony.

John Winthrop, who was commissioned for Massachusetts only, had proposed to meet them on the borders of the two colonies; and it was there, on the bank of this little river, that he, accompanied by some friends from New London, found Jonathan Rudd, his bride Mary, and her sister awaiting him.

It took but a short time to get everything arranged, for little needed to be done; and in the untrampled snow—the white below, and the intense blue of the sky above—the ceremony was performed.

Jonathan Rudd stood with one arm protectingly thrown about the modest Mary, while John Winthrop stood in front of them, the few friends grouped behind; and no other eyes beheld them save those of the Indians who, open-mouthed in wonderment, peered out from behind the wigwam door, while the bright sun looked down from above as if to pronounce a benediction upon them.

Jonathan Rudd and his wife Mary are my own ancestors.

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY JULIA M. WILSON (AGE 12).

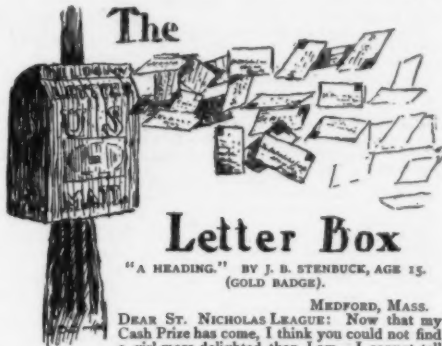
LONG ago in the days of Queen Elizabeth there lived a brave man named Walter Raleigh.

One day the queen and her maids were crossing the streets when they came to a puddle. Walter Raleigh was passing with a purple silk coat on. He saw the queen and her maids trying to step over the puddle.

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Then he took off his coat and laid it over the puddle so Queen Elizabeth could pass.

Then the queen said to one of her maids, "Who is that fine gentleman?" The maid said, "That is Walter Raleigh." So the next day the queen sent for him and made him Sir Walter Raleigh. My favorite knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, was not like the other knights who were always fighting and killing each other. He was always polite and trying to do some good to every one, that is why I like him.



The Letter Box

"A HEADING." BY J. B. STENBUCK, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE).

MEDFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: Now that my Cash Prize has come, I think you could not find a girl more delighted than I am. I cannot tell you how much the League has meant to me; but I have learned from it that faithful work is not without its reward, for after four years of trying I received my Gold Badge last Christmas, and now my Cash Prize is here.

I have seldom tried as hard for anything as I have tried for the rewards in the League, and I have never gained anything that I care more for.

I have improved much in the expression of my thoughts, and even in the thoughts themselves. It hardly seems possible that such an improvement could have been made in only five years, and I want to thank you as much for the help that you have given me as for the prizes.

My only regret is that I have but one year more in which to write for the League—but one year more in which to try to become an "Honor Member," a thing which I look forward to almost as much as I looked forward to the gaining of the other prizes.

Thanking you again for my Cash Prize, I am

Sincerely your friend,

GLADYS M. ADAMS.

SAINT GABRIEL'S SCHOOL, PREESKILL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I cannot express how I thank you—
My gratitude ne'er could be told—
It's one of my choicest possessions,
The beautiful medal of gold!

I wish you success, merry paper,
(I deem that success has been mine),
St. Gabriel's always enjoys you
And thanks you are ever so fine!

My first and my last declarations,
And all of my statements between
Are thanks for awarding the medal
To Annie L. Hillyer, fifteen.

FROM ONE WHO HAS TRIED.

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much surprised to get a prize for my puzzle, and I am as proud of my silver badge as anybody could be. I have tried a good many things before this, and succeeded in having one of my photographs published in the May number. I was very pleased then, but I am overjoyed now that I have won a prize.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Dodge. I hope the St. NICHOLAS, which is dear to the hearts of so many boys and girls, will be continued, although without her guidance, and that it will be the most popular children's magazine for many years to come.

With many thanks for my pretty badge, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON HUNT.

FROM HAWAII.

WAIJALEE, OAHU.
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is vacation now. We go riding, swimming, and we went up the mountains for land-shells.

My brother, DeWitt, found quite a rare shell called an "Apex."

DeWitt and his chum Dexter have made a boat. They have been sailing quite a lot.

Early this morning they went out beyond the reef, and they caught two squids.

Agnes, my little sister, and I went with them in the boat in our fish-pond.

I hope to enter the eighth grade next term, I am,

Your loving reader,
MURIEL L. GIBSON.



"A HEADING." BY AGNES I. PRIZER, AGE 9.

FRITCHLEY, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to thank you very much indeed for the cash prize which I received a few days ago.

It was a surprise to me when I looked at the League to find that it had been awarded to me.

Our September ST. NICHOLAS came very late indeed, I don't know why, and before it arrived I was constantly receiving post-cards from American members who said they had seen my name in the ST. NICHOLAS, which was a great puzzle to me.

And I think that I ought to mention here that I do not collect postals and so have no use for the great number I receive. At first I started sending cards back but more and more came as I got nothing, and in fact lost by the exchange, I simply had to stop. I hope you will print this letter as I am afraid the American members will think me so rude and unkind.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS magazine very much and always look forward to the day it comes.

I have a sweet little baby sister who is just learning to walk. She is so pretty and clever and can talk so nicely.

I am very interested in the serials and I am waiting eagerly for the next number.

Again thanking you for the prize, I remain
Your interested reader,
PHYLLIS MARY SARGENT.

KEOKUK, IOWA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: The Senior German class of Keokuk High School was sleepily conjugating and ardently longing for something to happen—and it did; for a note came to the girl by the window, announcing that she had been awarded the cash prize for verse.

I am not going to say that you have raised me to the heights of my ambition, but you have given me a "lift" to the first turning on the road that leads to success, and if it were not for that friendly aid, I might never struggle further on the path.

For over two years my name has appeared somewhere in your pages every month: even before that, I wrote quite regularly, and my labor has been amply rewarded. You have given all the honors in your power, and now I shall continue to contribute, to show that it is not the prizes but the pleasure and education you give, which draw us League members so closely together.

It is a very proud and happy girl who closes this, her last prize-winner letter, with a greeting to all those other young people, whose work has helped to enable her to sign herself,

Your honor member,
NANNIE CLARK BARR
(age 15).



LAWTON, O. T.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but have often wanted to. I have read many letters written to you.

I live in a very nice country. It is very seldom cold here. The town where I live has very pleasant places around it.

Fort Sill is four miles from here. It was founded in 1860

"A STUDY." BY RUSH PARSHALL BROWN, AGE 15.

and all its houses and places where the soldiers sleep are built of stone.

We have Indians in our town every day. Some dress in blankets and some dress like civilized people. The little children are compelled to go to the Indian school one mile from Lawton. The Comanche and Apache are the only Indians around here. Geronimo, the noted Apache prisoner of war, can be seen most any day. I am,

Your interested reader,
FRANCES SCHULTZ (Age 13).

MARLBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years, but have only written to you once before. I belong to the League but I am afraid I have been very idle, but from now on I am going to send in every month for the drawing competition I hope, for I shall not be able to be in the League very much longer. I am very fond of drawing and I think seeing other boys' and girls' drawings has helped me a lot. I think you are far better than any English children's magazines. I liked the long stories you had one year complete in one number very much.

I would like an American correspondent of about my own age (15½) who would write me nice long letters. My address is "Applegarth," Osbourne St. George, Marlborough, Wilts, England.

Believe me, your interested reader,
LUCY PEDDER.

Other welcome letters have been received from Etta Thompson, Marie Ruebel, Mirabelle Summy, Dorothy Butes, Helen E. Patten, Marie Villeponteaux Lee, Annette Burr, Dora J. Winn, Samuel R. Bailey, and, Isabel Oldham, Josephine Taylor, Arthur P. Caldwell, Jr., Arthur Kramer, Alphonse De Carré, Marion Martin, Mary Burnett, Richard Ho'se, Maude J. Hayden, Aida Lucille Getz, Lillie Garmany, Rosalind E. Weissbein, Frances H. Jackson, Kathryn Maddock, Jamie Affleck.



"STUDY." BY KATHLEEN BUCHANAN, AGE 11.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Laurence G. Evans
Marjorie C. Paddock
Elizabeth Page James
May Bowers
Nannie Clark Barr
Annie Laurie Hillyer
Ethelwyn Harris
Robert R. Humphrey
Ethel B. Young
Primrose Snow
Emmeline Bradshaw
Gladys Nelson
Lucile Delight
Woodling
Margaret Goldthwait
Margaret Budd
E. Babette Deutsch
Eleanor Johnson

Florence Short
Aileen Hyland
Arthur Albert Myers
Frances Lucille
Cregan
Elizabeth Toof
Adolph Newmann
Ruth Havemier
Darden
A. E. Jenkinson
Kathleen C. Betts
Grace Cobleigh
Corinne Benoit
Grace H. Wolf
Dorothy Darling
Miles
Phyllis Ackermann
Eleanor Mead
Lillie G. Menary
Edward Frances
Casey

Carol Thompson
Helen E. Seckinson
Marguerite Wessels
Bertha Walker
Josephine Freund
Clara Louise Jones

PROSE 1.

Irene Bowen
Constance Helen
Peabody
Helen Marie Kountz
Nan Pierson
Marion Stephens
Lizzie M. Perkins
Eunice Burr Stebbins
Morris E. Bishop
Dorothea Dandridge
Jeannette Woodbrook
Sanford
Mildred B. Lissner
Elizabeth Deebie

VERSE 2.

Twila A. McDowell
Alice Hopson

Helen Leslie
Follansbee
Pauline Buell
Freda M. Harrison
Elsie F. Weil
Willie Morton
Roberts
Ruth Dulty Crandall
W. D. Horne, Jr.
Catherine Whipple
Few
Dorothy E. Bates
Ada Morde
Bessie Lee
Edward Brophy
Dorothy Bliss Usher
David A. Woodcock
Ellen Low Mills
Marjorie Harrison
Ida C. Kline
Grace Bradford de
Wolf
Eleanor D. Grubb
Alice Virginia
Dawson
Ernestine Cobern
Edith Solis
Helen Gertrude
Braley
Dorothy Lawrence
Greene
Otto H. Freund
Samuel Sinberg

PROSE 2.

Edna F. Browning
Grace M. Smith
Ruth A. Dittman
Marguerite McCord
Elizabeth Burton
Bassett
Beatrice Frye
Beatrice Smith
Carrol Scudder
Williams
Edward G. Gay, Jr.
Emily Howell
Annie M. Hubbard
Dorothy Rhein
Dorothy H. Carr
James J. Porter
Mildred Nason
John R. Shields
Ruth Montgomery
Delia E. Arnestin
Carol F. Cotton
Frances Sladen
Bradley
Edward McIsaacs
Alfred Kench
Gretchen Pease
Helen H. Potter
Donald Murphy
Eleanor McCandless
George Dexter
Sensabaugh
Olivia A. Forster
Carol Nichols
Emily Benson
Frank Coulson
Pinkerton
Seymour A. Woolner
Jean Gray Allen

DRAWING 1.

Mabel Alvarez
Hazel Cockcroft
Elizabeth Schwarz
Florence Billings
Marion Tiffany
Dora Guy
Ralph B. Thompson
Marian Walter
Hilde von Thielmann
Florence Anderson
Katherine Dulcebella
Barbour
E. Buchanan
Margaret B.
Richardson
Theresa Jones.

DRAWINGS a.

Margaret Bennett
Isabel Maxwell
Irma A. Hill
Molly Thayer
Norman S. Willison
V. B. Reeves Harris
Marian Rubins
Edward J. Hubs
Theodore Tiffany
Agnes Nicholson
Hazel Halstead
Joan Mackenzie
A. Reynolds Eckel
Margaret Erskine
Susanne Howe
Helen May Baker
Helen Aldis Bradley
Edward Carrington
Thayer
Caroline Bergemann
Margaret Gale
Myron Hardy
Marion Agnes Burns
Donald Tayler
Florence Ann
Cushman
Rudolph Krause
Hortense Brylawski
George Lyman
Phyllis McVickar
Catherine Snell
Helen Maxwell
Alma Ward
Helen Sewell Heyl
Abram Podelfsky
J. Donald
McCutcheon
Helena O'Brien
Maria Bullitt
Dorothy L. Dade
Rachel Field
Margaret E. Kelsey
Henry Scott
Muriel E. Halstead
Elizabeth Hicks
Mally Lord
Emma C. M. Meyer
Mary Aurilla Jones
Eleanor W. Sheldon
Katharine G. Havens
Anita Brown
Eldon S. Lincoln
Sybil Emerson
Francis D.
Whitmore
Rebecca A. Duhring
Ruth Maurer
Blanche Kerns
Edward E. Hazlett
Emily W. Browne
Enid A. Cutting
Julia Wilcox Smith
Laura Guy
Mayme Lois Jones
W. S. Etheridge
Elizabeth Eckel
Mary Powell
Reginald C. Foster
Dorothea Thompson
Emily Wellington
Dorothy Quincy
Applegate
Bessie B. Styron
Florence Gardiner
Michael Kopsco
E. B. Williams
Dorothy Douglas
Charlotte Waugh
Thomas Cutter
Catharine B.
Hillyard

PHOTO-
GRAPHS 1.

Dorothy Phillips
Frederic S.
Clark, Jr.
Dorothy Marsh
Edwin C. Brown
George N. Palmer
John M. Garfield

Gladys M. Mason
Charles Billings
Mildred Maiden

PHOTOGRAPHS a.

Helen Peabody
Dorothy Foster
Harriette Dexter
Louise Hooker
F. Walton Brown
John Orth
Alice Nielson
Anna Corning
Gladys Bailey
Fannie M. Stern
Clara Williamson
Sheila St. John
John Leeming, Jr.
Howard L. Seumans
Frederick Philippi
Marie Demetre
Mary D. Buttmer
Elsie J. Wilson
Louise Marie Orth
Josephine M.
Holloway
Fred Dohrmann
Donald K. Hudson
Catharine Emma
Jackson
Ida V. Demarest
Sam M. Dillard
Donald C. Armour
Dorothy Williams
Marjorie S.
Harrington
Allan L. Langley
Marcus Acheson
Spencer
Marion R. Pell
Margaret B. Quick
J. D. Townsend
Margaret F. Holmes
Virginia Whitmore
Edward H. Leete
W. Eugene Delaney
Edward S. Bristol
Thaddeus C. Field
William Dow Harvey
Charles Mervin
Howe
Dorothy Evans
Gretchen Baldwin
Imogen Baldwin
Elsie F. Stern
Imogen Baldwin
Dorothy Hanvey
Elizabeth Hoffman
Sarah Parkins Madill
Irving Cain
Julia Stell French
Ruth M. Adt
Edward Clark
Erhardt G. Schmitt
Olivia Avery
Helen Frances
Batchelder
John R. Coffin
Josephine Hoey
Josephine Sturgis
Anerton Kingleay
Dunbar
Helen Clark
Alice W. Nash
Henry Trowbridge
Sylvia Harding

Dorothy Langhaar
Elizabeth Andrews
Malcom Keeler
Elizabeth Dearing
Elsie S. Church
Helen B. Walcot
Leslie P. Dodge
Charlotte Eugenie
Williams
Laura C. Simpson
Lewis Wallace, Jr.

PUZZLES 1.

R. Utley
Caroline C. Johnson
E. Adelaide Hahn
Erma Bertha Mixson
Dorothy Klein Ross
Elizabeth Beale
Robert L. Rankin
Catherine D.
Mackenzie

Bancroft Brown
Medora S. Ritchie
Arthur A. Scott

PUZZLES a

Robert L. Moore
Marcellite Watson
Lawrence D. Seymour
Stanton Garfield
Milton Crowell
Charlotte E. Benedict

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 90.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 90 will close April 20 (for foreign members April 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for August.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Vacation."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Title to contain the word "Journey."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Vacation Memory."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "Vacation Friends," and an August Heading or Tailpiece. (Books and Reading discontinued.)

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things

must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"TAILPIECE." BY MOLLY THAYER, AGE 9.

Editorial Note

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

We have the pleasure this month of announcing

THREE NEW SERIAL STORIES

for the remaining six numbers of this Volume of ST. NICHOLAS.

"TOM, DICK AND HARRIET"

is a delightful new story by

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR,

Author of "*The Crimson Sweater*." It will begin in the May number, and all ST. NICHOLAS readers will be glad to know that the "Harriet" of the story is their friend "Harry" of *The Crimson Sweater*, and that Roy, Chub, and other boys of that stirring story will also appear in the new serial. It will begin in the May number.

Girl readers especially will welcome the new serial

"FRITZI"

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON,

Author of "*From Sioux to Susan*." The charming little heroine of this story is introduced to our readers in this present number of ST. NICHOLAS, which contains the first instalment of the serial. It will be continued until the end of the Volume in October.

The third serial is a shorter story—to appear in three numbers—beginning next month. It is a very picturesque and entertaining historical story of the time of bluff Prince Hal and his famous jester, Will Somers. It is written by

MARY CATHARINE LEE,

Author of "*A Quaker Girl of Nantucket*," "*Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift*," etc. This story will be illustrated throughout by Mr. Reginald Birch.

The Letter-Box

BUCKINGHAM, P. QUEBEC, CAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have belonged to the League for four years. I have not written very often for the competitions and nobody could have been more surprised or delighted than I was when my story was printed in the October number, 1906.

A couple of weeks ago my father surprised me by asking if I had got the January ST. NICHOLAS, as he would like to see it. When it came, I gave it to him, and we had great fun trying to guess what he was reading, and decided it must be "*Racketty-Packetty House*," but I peeped over his shoulder and it was "*The New Boy at Hilltop*." He enjoyed it so much that I hunted up my old numbers of "*The Crimson Sweater*" and he is going to read it.

I have framed Mrs. Dodge's picture and have it hanging up in my room.

I am afraid this letter is getting too long, so I will bid you good-bye.

Your faithful reader,
JESSIE MACLAREN.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the third year I have taken your delightful magazine and I like it more and more every time that I open its pages. I think the stories published in it are lovely; I am very fond of boys' stories, especially "*The Crimson Sweater*" and "*The New Boy at Hilltop*." I also like "*Pinkey Perkins*" very much.

I have an aunt who lives in England. She has a beautiful old home there, three hours from London, in Northamptonshire. I go there every year to visit her,

in the Autumn. I have a pony there which I ride every day, and I go out hunting once a week. It is lots of fun, especially as my pony ("*Prince*" is his name), is very keen about it and kicks and rears a good deal when he sees the fox or hounds. He doesn't like other horses, so if one comes near him he tries to kick him, as if to say: "You get out of my way; you haven't got any business here."

If Prince hears another horse galloping behind him, he at once starts off and tries to keep ahead of him. I think he would be an excellent racer.

Hoping you will always have much success, I am, your devoted reader.

DOROTHY WARD (age 12).

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell how much I enjoy your stories. I took you for three years but now I get bound volumes at the end of every year.

It is snowing and blowing outside now,—a regular Kansas blizzard.

When I was in old Mexico, several years ago, I saw Maximilian's golden coach, and also went all through the castle of Chapultepec.

It was very interesting. I hope I can go there again soon, as my two sisters live there. The flowers are beautiful, roses, violets, sweet peas, of every description. When I arrived there I was given a huge bunch of pink, white, and yellow American Beauty roses and violets. The roses numbered to 190.

Yours very sincerely,
RUTH K. WILSON (age 13).

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the three dollars for my "wriggle" a few days ago, and was delighted, especially as it was the first time I had ever had the courage to try the advertising competitions. However it shall not be the last time. Your check came, or rather the ST. NICHOLAS, saying I had received a prize, only a few days after Christmas, so I counted it among my gifts.

I think the covers of ST. NICHOLAS for the last three months have been very pretty, especially the November one (the little girl feeding the dogs).

I have three dogs, though the casual observer would say I had but one. Their names are "Trouble," "Less Trouble" and "No Trouble at All." "Trouble" is a real, live Airedale terrier, who, though he is the dearest dog in the world, often lives up to his name; "Less Trouble" is a setter puppy *made of china*; and "No Trouble at All" is, well, I can't well explain, as *he doesn't exist*.

I fear I am making this letter too long. Thanking you very much for the prize, I am,

Yours truly,
KATHARINE L. HAVENS (age 14).

EDGARTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of you; my favorite stories are "The Crimson Sweater" and "From Sioux to Susan." Just as soon as I get a new number, I rush to my friend's and we read it together. My friend's favorite is "The Crimson Sweater," while I prefer "From Sioux to Susan." My friend is very fond of paper dolls, and I am rather good at drawing and painting, so I made a set of paper-dolls to represent the various characters in the two stories. So far, we have "Chub" Eaton, Virginia Clayton, Sue Roberts, and Thad Clayton. Every time a new dress of Sue's or Virginia's was described, I had to rush off home and paint one like it. The most striking of all of Sue's dresses is her Indian outfit, and *that is truly gorgeous*.

We should have been terribly disappointed if "Sue" had grown to be too much reformed. Half her charm and piquancy lies in her tomboy ways.

Yours,
DORIS HUXFORD.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I began to take you about a year ago. I did not subscribe to you then but bought you every month. Last Christmas the mother of a little friend of mine gave me a subscription to you. I cannot thank her enough.

My sisters used to take you when they were little, and I take great pleasure in reading the old numbers.

I am very sorry that they did not have the benefit of the League though they say that they enjoyed "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" very much.

I collect postal cards and have over 560.

As we are at present living in an apartment, my only pet is a canary.

His name is Billy.

Hoping that your success as a children's magazine may grow with your ever increasing number of readers,

I am, your constant reader and contributor,
LOIS DONOVAN (age 13).

NICE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am not a subscriber to your magazine, but my mother buys it for me every month in each different place where we may be sightseeing. I am not clever enough to write stories or draw pictures, but I enjoy reading and seeing what other children do. I have been through the streets of Pompeii, took kodak pictures of the forum and some of the houses, and the new street they were excavating. I went to the top of Vesuvius just before the eruption last year, but I could not see much because the fumes choked me badly; and I have ridden in gondolas in Venice, and I saw the wonderful glass blowers at Murano and had a vase made for a souvenir. Will you send me a League badge and leaflet? Your interested reader.

HELEN M. MUCHLIVE (age 9½).

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in Madison, Wisconsin. We are spending the year in Denver. A few miles from Denver there is a United States military establishment called Fort Logan.

At Fort Logan the officers live in houses. The soldiers are furnished with a bed, a canteen, a knapsack, and a gun or a sword. When away from camp the soldiers are provided with tents. At Fort Logan I saw a dress parade. I also saw some soldiers decorated for their good shooting. The ambulance and supply wagons are ready to start to the scene of battle thirty minutes after they receive the order. The mess-room is something like a dining-room in a restaurant. The soldiers eat their meals in the mess-room.

Yours very truly,
FREDERICK RICHTER (age 9).

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very much interested in reading in the March number a story of a spider which succeeded in getting a "thousand leg" up to his lair. The reason I was so interested in the story was because I had once watched a spider catch a fly in the same way.

I enjoy reading your magazine very much.
I am eleven years old.

Yours truly,
HELEN MARGARET SOMERVILLE.

GREENWICH, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I have had your magazine ever since I was a baby. I am eight years old.







I made a whole family of clothespin dolls. My little sister Frances and I had a clothespin doll parade. They are easy to make and a great deal of fun. I made the box store also.

Your friend,
ELEANORE McFADDEN.

OTHER letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Norman Penney, F. Churchill Whittemore, Jr., Dorothy Colby, Robert B. Carney, Margery K. Smith, Angus A. Morrison, Marie Goler, Miriam Lee Stout, John Mosher, Hester Barnes, Irene Taylor, Ruby E. Bond, Katharine Woolsey, Pauline Beckwith, Sarah D. Estrada, Gladys S. Sawyer, Margaret Ortman, Adelia Bernhard, Grace P. Whitman, Marion Snyder, May Piorkowska, David J. Ortman, Beatrice Grant Tennant, and Eleanor M. Cofran.

The Cooky Man.

By NANCY BYRD TURNER.

 <p>I</p> <p><i>This is the handsome Cooky Man, Fresh and brown from the baking-pan.</i></p>	 <p>II</p> <p><i>But cook was careless: he came to harm And lost a beautiful cooky arm.</i></p>	 <p>III</p> <p><i>Then he fell from the baby's heedless hand And broke a leg, so he could not stand.</i></p>	 <p>IV</p> <p><i>Kitty, the puss, was a hun- gry cat And the other arm went to make her fat.</i></p>
 <p>V</p> <p><i>The poor last leg in an evil hour Under a chair was ground to flour.</i></p> <p><i>Then Tommy took "Cooky Man" to bed, And during the night he lost his head.</i></p>		<p>VI</p> <p><i>Here's how he'll look when the children wake— Just like a common sugar cake.</i></p> <p><i>Is n't it sad? Be careful, then, With the dear little frail little Cooky Men!</i></p> 	



SKIPPING ROPE TIME HAS COME AGAIN.



The Riddle Box

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

A PUZZLE IN NUMBERS. C-O-L-D.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Lee, Grant. 1. Re-lap-se, seer, lap, pal. 2. Th-ere-in, thin, ere, ere. 3. Wh-ere-at, what, ere, ere. 4. En-gag-es, seen, gag, gag. 5. Pa-rap-et, tape, rap, par. 6. He-are-ra, hers, are, era. 7. Ma-nip-le, lame, nip, pin. 8. Pa-ten-ts, past, ten, net.

LETTER PUZZLE. "A friend should bear a friend's infirmities." 1. Africa. 2. Ionian. 3. Deaden. 4. Admire. 5. Shield. 6. Bursts. 7. Riffle.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Baker. 2. Alice. 3. Kills. 4. Eclat. 5. Rests.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Webster. 1. Watch. 2. Earth. 3. Banjo. 4. Shirt. 5. Table. 6. Easel. 7. Ruler.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Frances Hunter—Caroline C. Johnson—W. and H. Beatty—James A. Lynd—Helen Sherman Harlow—Francis Edmonds Tyng, Jr.—Eugenie Steiner—Edna Meyle—Jo and I—"Jolly Juniors"—Erma Quinby—Frances Bosanquet—Harry Elger, Jr.—Lois Treadwell—Elena Ivey—William H. Bartlett—Louis Chick—Cornelia Crittenden—Emily Smith—"Queenscourt"—Paul Johnson—Sydney Rutherford—St. Gabriel's Chapter—Harriet Scofield.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from E. L. Wood, 1—J. Lazarus, 1—M. Thacker, 1—R. Wyse, 1—R. Livingston, 1—J. Carter, 1—S. Gilbreath, 1—No name, Marietta, 3—S. Blaisdell, 1—R. J. Wright, 1—C. I. Stewart, 1—H. Kottak, 1—E. Banning, 1—C. Backus, 1—C. Eaton, 1—C. Crittenden, 1—W. V. Silverberg, 1—C. Caldwell, 1—R. Clark, 1—Marion B. Dyer, 2—D. Doan, 1—R. Blair, 1—F. Sedgwick, 1—H. L. George, 1—H. Siegel, 1—D. M. Fargo, 1—E. D. Smith, 1—I. B. Howland, 1—M. Wells, 1—H. Hodge, 1—S. Smith, 1—Harold Heming, 1—L. Harrington, 1—G. B. Helm, 1—C. Slater, 1—M. Richmond, 1—H. V. Spruells, 1—J. Little, 1—George N. Harman, 6—L. Harrington, 1—Ralph L. Fulton, 8—H. Townsend, 1—E. H. Northrup, 1—S. H. Cook, 7—L. Marshall, 1—Dorothy A. Spear, 11—M. M. McKinney, 1—E. Scribner, 1—F. Scribner, 1—R. B. Carney, 1—Ellen E. Williams, 10—Franklin Mohr, 7—T. Soule, 1—H. Bucksbaum, 1—K. C. Shanks, 1—C. Holstrom, 1—W. S. Davenport, 1—Harriet Jackson, 7—Milon Hedrick, 6—C. Gutzzeit, 1—No name, endorsed Mrs. L. Carr, Jr., 9—P. Flint, 1—N. Moe, 1—A. B. Miller, 1—F. C. Wallace, 1—C. W. Cutler, 1—Keith Henney, 10—L. Saylor, 1—E. and E. Wallace, 1—M. Barrotte, 1—Carolyn Hutton, 8—J. R. Tatum, 1—E. vander Born, 1—B. Outcalt, 1—B. and B. D. Heath, 2.

RIDDLE.

CHANGE 6 to a different system of notation, add a monarch, and make an old Norseman.

PHILIP G. CAMMANN (age 10).

INTERSECTING WORDS.

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3   5   7
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1 . . . . 2
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8   6   4

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FROM 1 TO 2, in that place; from 3 TO 4, to subdue; from 5 TO 6, to alarm suddenly; from 7 TO 8, to go over again.

INCLUDED SQUARE (across): 1. To smite gently. 2. Before. 3. Consumed. Downward. 1. A vegetable. 2. Skill. 3. A term used in golf.

AGNES R. LANE (Honor Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Vicar of Wakefield. 1. Vivien. 2. Imogen. 3. Codlin. 4. Arthur. 5. Rowena. 6. Olivia. 7. Frodo. 8. Weller. 9. Audrey. 10. Kettle. 11. Elaine. 12. Fenix. 13. Icarus. 14. Esmond. 15. Legree. 16. Dodson.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Lawn tennis.

ANAGRAM ACROSTIC. Mars. 1. Lament, mantel, mantle, mental. 2. Wander, warden, warned, Andrew. 3. Dearer, reader, reread, reared. 4. Reigns, resign, signer, singer.

A NOVEL SQUARE. From 3 TO 4, Mark Twain. 1 TO 2, Whit-tier's. 9 TO 7, train; 9 TO 4, twain; 9 TO 6, token; 9 TO 2, tiers; 9 TO 8, tower; 9 TO 5, tiger; Rims. From 1 TO 7, Whiten; 7 TO 4, napkin; 4 TO 6, nation; 6 TO 2, noises; 2 TO 8, solder; 8 TO 3, ran-dom; 3 TO 5, mirror; 5 TO 1, review.

written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a famous frigate, and another row of letters will spell the country by which it was owned.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To number. 2. A rightful proprietor. 3. To whinny. 4. A glossy fabric. 5. Larceny. 6. A country of Asia. 7. Peevish. 8. To loosen. 9. To annoy. 10. To bury. 11. Open to view. 12. A month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year.

RONALD MARTIN FOSTER.

CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

YOU must keep your *firsts* open, at home and in school; My *second* can carry desk, table and stool; My *third* is a farmer's useful tool. My *whole* is a book by a writer well-known, And to many of you this book has been shown.

ROBERT E. NAUMBERG.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. VAST. 2. A military firearm. 3. Frequently. 4. Watchful. 5. Bruises.

II. 1. To brag. 2. A fur-bearing animal. 3. To make reparation. 4. Understanding. 5. Found in every park.

C. C. JOHNSON AND A. R. ECKEL.

The Riddle-Box



**ILLUSTRATED
NUMERICAL
ENIGMA.**

THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of fifty-seven letters, is a quotation from Shakespeare.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

1 2
10 * * 3
9 * * * 4
8 * * 5
7 6

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A common abbreviation. 2. A portent. 3. Soda ash.

4. Pertaining to a layman. 5. An exclamation.
From 1 to 10, the children's patron saint.
E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An evil spirit. 2. A young street Arab. 3. A sweet substance. 4. Stale. 5. To strike.

POETICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty letters and form a quotation from Bulwer Lytton.

My 39-1-56-30-19 was a famous Norwegian dramatic poet. My 40-36-47-52-56-25-11 was a famous poet who was a friend of Sir Philip Sidney. My 60-5-21-33-14 was a celebrated Italian poet. My 44-58-17-2-48 was the greatest poet of antiquity. My 28-15-35-8-50-37 was a great German poet. My 40-15-12-32-54-4-27 was one of the Lake poets. My 43-58-26-60-56-41-46-6-9 was an English poet who was very poor. My 17-23-13-22-15-38 was a blind poet. My 24-42-49-53-10-59 is a surname borne by a German geographer and also by a German philosopher. My 34-31-57-45-7-58-29-3-18 was a writer of poetic prose. My 16-51-41-21-5 is what many poets win. My 54-55 is a pronoun.

FRANK L. WHITE (League Member).

**MYTHOLOGICAL
DIAGONAL.**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of the brother of Agamemnon.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A king of Caria. 2. The slayer of the Calydonian boar. 3. An epithet of Apollo. 4. The wife of Admetus. 5. The wife of Ulysses. 6. The Commander of the Carthaginian fleet in the first Punic war. 7. A king of Argos. 8. The father of Aeneas.

ARTHUR MINOT REED.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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.	2	.	4	.

FROM 1 to 2, a famous novelist; from 3 to 4, one of his best books.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Mohammedan place of worship. 2. A kind of paper used in testing for acids or alkalies. 3. To save. 4. Faints. 5. Used in a winter sport. 6. The founder of a line of Frankish kings. 7. Drove to a distance from the hand. 8. To retreat. 9. Not easily controlled. 10. To declare. 11. Destitute of feathers. 12. Part of a harness. 13. To catch or involve in contradictions. 14. A long step.

MARY PARKER.



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